NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1879. | VOLUME XXVII.—No. 33. Price Ten Cents.

LINGERING.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

I am lingering, darling, where we used to linger
When the Summer's sun was shining on the lawn,
But the Winter here has laid its icy finger
And the Summer flowers have faded and are gone.
Is it wonder, dearest, that the desolation
Lays its finger chill upon this heart of mine?
That I feel the Winter's gloomy transformation
Of the blossoms that were more than half divine?

You were with me! That was why the sunshine lingered,
Touching both of us with gentle, fond caress,
Laying hands of benediction, golden-fingered,
On our trusting hearts, to comfort us and bless.
But the birds that warbled then no more are singing,
And the waves break not in music on the shore,
From the lands of myrrh and palm their incense bringing:
Thou art gone from me, my dearest, evermore.

Can it be our sense of sorrow, O departed!
Left in loneliness and sadness here below,
In the land which thou hast entered happy-hearted
Can alloy the perfect peace that thou shouldst know?
I can only watch and wait, and sadly linger
Where my footsteps often wandered on with thine,
Till a chiller touch than Winter's icy finger
Makes thee once again, forever, darling mine.

AT EVERY HAZARD;

OR,

THE BLACKWELL ENTANGLEMENT

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY WALTER EDGAR McCANN.

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CHAPTER I.—MISS CONSTANCE BLACKWELL.

Some miles out from New York City stands the very pretty villa residence of "Heartsease." The house is built in the Queen Anne style, with all sorts of picturesque gables and peaks, on some of which are carved pomegranites, the flowers varicolored; there are also sun and other flowers as gilded finials for the dormers, and a great deal of this kind of ornament generally. The front entrance of the structure is guarded by a stately porte-cochere, the roof of which rests on carved columns, which in turn rest on large brick piers, with granite bases and caps; so that, viewed from a little distance, the appearance of the establishment is imposing, and even magnificent. The grounds in front are beautifully laid out. The approach from the gate is through a graveled avenue, bordered with splendid trees, with statuary here and there, and rustic seats, arbors and other contrivances. There are fountains also, and even a fish-pond.

It was now near the hour of sunset on a somewhat sharp and chill September evening, and a very pleasent group were assembled in the parlor at "Heartsease," several of whom, being visitors, were thinking of taking leave for their own homes, in the city. The declining sun, almost touching the rim of the horizon, threw its last rays in at the windows, and lighted up the scene with a subdued and melancholy splendor.

"I am sorry I can't persuade you to sing again, Miss Blackwell," said Horace Somerville, master of this establishment, breaking the silence from his comfortable place on the sofa.

"So am I," said his wife, standing by the young lady at the piano, near the great bay-window; "but perhaps you will," she added, placing her hand on Miss Blackwell's shoulder.

Miss Constance Blackwell shook her head. Very handsome she was—tall, unusally tall, with splendid dark eyes and hair.

"No; no more this evening," she said in a rich contralto voice, deep and clear and somewhat peculiar, and, with another smile, rising and walking to one of the front windows, where she sat down and looked out upon the lawn and flower-beds, now darkening a little.

There was a kind of romance associated with this handsome young lady, with which her presence at "Heartsease" this evening was in a way connected. She had not been long from San Francisco, and was the daughter of a Colonel James Blackwell, killed in the Civil War. Before leaving for the scene of action, impelled, perhaps, by a presentiment, he had left in the hands of old Mr. Arthur Folroyd, a former school acquaintance, of the firm of Folroyd & Rolliner, New York, the sum of twenty thousand dollars, taking only this receipt, properly dated:

Received of Col. James Blackwell twenty thousand dollars, payable on demand. ARTHUR FOLROYD.

Witness: Henry Rolliner.

Col. Blackwell, before going into the battle in which he was to lose his life, placed the receipt in the secret draw of his writing-desk. After his death this article, with his other property, was forwarded to his family in California, no one dreaming of the precious scrap of paper the hidden receptacle contained. Years flew by, and one day the receipt was found. Miss Constance Blackwell, attended by her brother, had now come East to collect the amount her father had deposited so long before, when she was barely more than a little girl.

Such was Miss Blackwell's story in brief, all duly confirmed by Mr. Arthur Folroyd himself, sitting near the piano and watching her as she crossed to the window and subsided on the crimson-back chair there.

The witness of that receipt, like him to whom it was given, was no more; but his son, Richard Rolliner, is another figure in our group, and, except Miss Blackwell, perhaps, the most striking.

A strong, broad-shouldered, good-looking fellow was Richard Rolliner, with keen brown eyes and black hair, sprinkled here and there with gray. A thoughtful, kindly face was his, with deep lines across the forehead. He had been a sailor—a whim, a craze—exchanging ease and a wealthy home for hard work and the forecastle, and had, in fact, engaged in a number of other freaks at odd times since, losing a great deal of his money, I am afraid, and a reasonable part of his reputation for sanity.

Miss Blackwell, still looking upon the slowly darkening landscape, drawn her shoulders together with a little shiver, and sighs. Old Arthur Folroyd watches her with a curious and gentle interest—a beautiful countenance, he thinks, but so sad. Is it not also a peculiar countenance? What a curious expression just across the eyes—is it the effect of the light where she is sitting, or simply a caprice of the features? In the full face he has never observed it; but now he studies only the profile. Beauty there, yes; but still, one may now see and must confess, irregular; and is there not in the outline of chin and nose and forehead something of the least bit stern and almost masculine? These show the traits of her father, whom he recollects, with this aid before him, with a sharp and vivid distinctness—courage, firmness, energy, decision.

He is reminded, also, of another member of the family, and asks:

"When did you hear from your brother, Miss Blackwell?"

"From Dacey?" she repeats, turning her head and looking on him with her large and strange eyes. "Not since I have been in New York. He is still in Chicago, as, of course, you know."

"He left you to travel by yourself," strikes in Horace Somerville. "Not very brotherly conduct, was it?"

"I depend very little on Dacey for anything. We have always acted independently of each other," says Miss Blackwell, a little coldly.

"You seem abudantly able to take care of yourself, Constance," remarks Mrs. Somerville, the most good-natured soul in the world, ardent, impulsive, and somtimes gushing. "The idea of your living all alone, as you do in that great house in—what street is it?—Twenty-fourth, isn't it?"

"Yes, Twenty-fourth. But I am not alone. I have a maid—you saw her, I think—you remember Stella?"

"Perfectly; an Italian or French girl, I should take her to be; and so extremely pretty, don't you think? I like those swarthy complexions—at least, when they harmonize," says Mrs. Somerville; "you know what I mean."

"I saw her. She reminded me rather of a gipsy," interjected Mr. Somerville again.

"But the idea of you two living together alone in a great house," resumes his wife, who is never very long silent—in fact, some of her satirical acquaintances describe her as incessant. "The room and the liberty are, of course, considerations; but I should have taken a flat, I think."

"I did not remember about the flats in New York," answered Miss Blackwell; "but the rent is not very high, and I should hate the trouble of moving; and I dare say I shall remain where I am."

She smiles prettily, showing two rows of exquisitely white teeth. But Miss Blackwell is, perhaps, in a pensive mood this evening, for the smile fades and she turns and looks out of the window again, with one jeweled finger to her lips.

"I wish you would come and live with us, Constance," says Mr. Somerville, breaking the silence that had ensued. "My wife complains of being lonely."

"I am—dreadfully sometimes; and without my baby I don't what I should do. You never saw my little boy—I really must send for him and show him to you."

Mrs. Somerville sprang up with alacrity and rang the bell, and a little later the baby, Master Seymour Somerville, in the arms of his old nurse, Mrs. Pridgatt, made his appearance. Under guidance of his enthusiastic mamma, he was taken about the room and introduced, and finally brought to Miss Blackwell at the window.

"I like babies—let me see the darling," said that young lady, rising.

Just as she took the child from the nurse's arms, Mrs. Pridgatt started back with a sudden exclamation. The cry seemed to express an amazement not unmixed with a certain terror, and the old woman was visibly trembling.

"Pray, what is the matter, Mrs. Pridgatt?" inquired Mrs. Somerville, also startled at such extraordinary conduct.

The nurse continued to look at Constance Blackwell with a pale stare of something almost like horror, but she did not answer a word.

"Did you ever see this young lady, Miss Constance Blackwell, before?" asked Mrs. Somerville, profoundly curious.

"No, ma'am," replied the woman faintly.

"I certainly never saw *her* before," said Miss Blackwell, with a sort of laugh, but a little pallid also, as she handed the child back. "A very pretty boy, Mrs. Somerville. Is it not rather too cold for him in this room?" and she resumed her seat.

"Perhaps a little," said Mrs. Somerville, somewhat absently. "You may take him away, Mrs. Pridgatt."

"What a funny old thing!" exclaimed Miss Blackwell, with a little laugh of disgust, when they had gone. "One would suppose she had seen me before. She must be a little cracked, I'm afraid."

The incident created some comment, and Miss Blackwell appeared considerably more annoyed than so trifling an affair, perhaps, merited.

But it was growing late, and Richard Rolliner, looking at his watch, reminded Mr. Folroyd that it was time to go.

"You are ready, Miss. Blackwell?" inquired that polished old gentleman, with a deferential smile.

She was quite ready, and got up almost with alacrity. Her handsome face was somewhat clouded still—certainly the old nurse's conduct had vexed her very much. With that recent discomposure had she also exhibited certain alarm?

Mr. Folroyd's coachman was summoned, and the carriage brought round to the front of the house.

Mrs. Somerville bade her friend Constance effusive good-byes, and kissed her and repeated her good-natured pressings to come out, for a long stay; all of which Miss Blackwell received graciously, though rather listlessly. Perhaps Mrs. Somerville's vivacity bored her, or perhaps the cool country-air had made her a little sleepy; at all events, her dark eyes were turned pretty constantly cityward, and she seemed anxious to go.

So now old Mr. Folroyd, with stiff and somewhat gouty gallantry, assisted her into the barouche, and took his place beside her, while quiet Richard Rolliner occupied a front seat, facing them, and with his back to the horses; and now, with more farewells and waving of hands, they were off.

CHAPTER II.—HOMEWARD.

"Pleasant people," remarked Mr. Folroyd, "and a ve y pretty place; but I can't see why they wish to live so far out. I confess, Miss Blackwell—let me call you Constance—that I don't care for the country a great deal. I rather incline to Major Pendennis' liking for the grove of chimneys and the shady side of Pall Mall; and I don't see what is the use of living twelve miles from a lemon if you can live next door to it."

"Nor I, Mr. Folroyd," replied the young lady, with a laugh. "How very chilly it is, too," and she shuddered in the sharp evening-breeze. "I should have worn something thicker."

Mr. Folroyd assisted her to draw her drapery about her, and expressed serious concern about the chances of her taking cold, and she was ever so much obliged.

There is something, I am afraid, intoxicating in hovering about a beautiful woman in this way, even for an old man. Arthur Folroyd, the ancient bachelor, though so well seasoned, was hardly proof against the subtle influence; he laughed nervously as he performed the offices required, and on the whole was a good deal more flustered than one would have believed possible.

Richard Rolliner, the younger man, the handsomer, looked on stolidly. Perhaps Miss Blackwell thought him a bear. That entire afternoon he had hardly said ten words.

"That is very nice indeed," said she. "Dacey himself, who is so proud of his skill, could not have done better."

"Your brother is in Chicago, I think you said, Miss Blackwell?" remarked Mr. Rolliner, waking up at last.

"In Chicago?—yes. He would not come on with me. I suppose he had business there, or, more likely, pleasure. He is not accustomed to inconvenience himself much for others; Dacey is a little selfish, perhaps."

"But this legacy that is to be paid to-morrow," pursued Rolliner, laughing, "should, I think, attract him to New York. People are not generally, I have found, far out of the way when money falls due them."

"He may make his appearance, of course. I am never surprised at anything he does. But he knows that his money is perfectly safe with me, and you may be sure, if he needs or wants it, he will turn up promptly."

She spoke oddly of her brother, Rolliner fancied—coldly and somewhat reservedly. Had they quarreled about anything?

"Does he resemble you, Miss Blackwell? I mean, of course, in appearance."

"A great many think, very much; others, of course, differ with them—there is such an uncertainty about what really constitutes a resemblance. But I can tell you this, so that you may judge for yourself—he has eyes and complexion like mine, but his hair is not so dark; he has very fine white teeth, and seldom wears a moustache; and he has very small hands and feet, and, I think, is rather taller than I am, and, perhaps, is slighter and more delicate-looking. The description is not very vivid, but it may give you some idea."

"Sufficient to know him if we should meet, I dare say," replied Rolliner.

"He is not married?" inquired Mr. Folroyd.

"No; and it's rather surprising, for he went into society a great deal in San Francisco; but then"—she added suddenly—"I forgot that he is too poor to marry, and that he can hardly support himself, much less anyone else."

"Excuse me, Constance, but as an old friend of your father—almost of the family—a very dear friend," said Arthur Folroyd, certainly improving the intimacy somewhat—"may I ask how he does support himself?"

Miss Blackwell laughed.

"I have not the remotest idea. He is in debt, I suspect, and he played cards a good deal and dabbled in stocks, and, in fact, I am afraid he was not very particular how he got his money. I don't know much about Dacey, Mr. Folroyd. He has always been close about his affairs. He may belong to a firm of burglars, for what I know."

"O Miss Blackwell!" remonstrated Mr. Folroyd.

"Well, it was wrong to say that," she said; "but I get a little vexed when I talk about Dacey sometimes. He is so very sly and secret about his own business, and still he always likes to know and regulate all mine. We have a good many quarrels."

"None very serious, I am sure."

"Some quite so; and one very serious indeed, just before I left Chicago. I thought it a shame that I should be obliged to come here alone. I did not know a soul in New York, and not one street from another; and but for your kindness, Mr. Folroyd, I might have had all kinds of distress."

"You know, Constance, how pleased I was to be of service," he answered, pressing her hand, speaking softly and almost tenderly. "I hope to be even more useful in the future."

"Don't promise rashly," she laughed, withdrawing those pretty gloved fingers. "I may really give you a great deal of trouble. I am capricious and restless, Mr. Folroyd; I am apt to get melancholy and discontented; I take all sorts of fancies, and it is only fair to warn you."

"Well, I have nothing to do, and you would be doing an absolute kindness to give me employment. I am ready to go out walking or driving with you—I have a yacht, and we can go on a cruise—or, if you prefer staying at home, I can come and talk or read to you."

"And you, Mr. Rolliner—am I to expect nothing from you?" asked Miss Blackwell, turning her splendid dark eyes upon him suddenly.

"Any service you may require, Miss Blackwell, and you will find me a most obedient vassal. If you have an enemy, you need but name him to secure his annihilation," replied Richard Rolliner, talking his nonsense gayly.

"Thank you; but I hope I have no enemies. One must be of some importance to inspire enmity, and I am too insignificant, I suspect. What time shall I expect you to-morrow, Mr. Folroyd?"

"Would noon do? Rolliner is coming, too—I think you said so, Richard." Rolliner assented. "We will say noon, then."

"That will do very nicely," replied Miss Blackwell; and for some minutes there was a little silence.

It had grown by this time much darker, and the glare of the city was reflected before them on the sky. Mr. Folroyd was reminded of that old theme, the changes of time, and discoursed upon the growth of New York, and of how it was constantly extending into the country.

When at length they turned into Fifth avenue it was quite dark. Richard Rolliner mentioned that he had business in Williamsburg that evening, and desired to be set down at a convenient point. Other matters were to be attended to first, however, before crossing the ferry, and he concluded to leave the carriage without seeing Miss Blackwell quite home; and so, with some little joke about this, he got out and left her with old Mr. Folroyd, reiterating his promise to meet them promptly in the morning.

The ride and fresh air had cheered his spirits, and he stood for a minute or two on the corner, watching the carriage with a smile.

"A beautiful and interesting girl," he mused; "but I don't think I quite understand her. But the sex are all problems, even to themselves, and I suppose it is best so. Miss Blackwell, though, is really a study—she puzzles me."

He did not expect that something else was to puzzle him still more that night.

CHAPTER III.—THE GREEN CARPET-BAG.

As Richard Rolliner visited the two or three places where he had business before crossing the river, the handsome face of Constance Blackwell was still before him.

"I can't get her out of my head, and yet I am quite sure I am not falling in love with her. There is something odd about that countenance that I can't define. Is it in the eyes? What an enigma she is! Her brother Dacey—I don't think she likes him. It looks like a quarrel; and I take him to be a good deal of a scamp, that Mr. Dacey Blackwell. I dare say he wants more than his share of the legacy—perhaps wants to borrow, and she declines to lend; she knows him too well. They are not friendly, that is clear—there is distrust between them. But he shan't cheat her, if my advice can prevent. If she will listen to me, I can put her in the way of keeping her money out of his reach without inconvenience to herself."

And so on ran his thoughts until he had reached the ferry.

He was just about to cross the street when a broad-shouldered, dark-bearded, rather furtive-looking man asked him the time. They were both under a lamp, and now recognized each other. The man looked rather abashed, and shrank back about an inch, and coughed.

"It's Mr. Rolliner," he said deferentially. "I didn't know you, sir," and his eyes, which had been raised a minute, dropped again.

"Oh! Milhurst, I think?" said Rolliner, smiling and offering his hand cordially.

They shook hands, the other uneasily. He was a fine-looking fellow, of something like Rolliner's own age; but his clothes were rather shabby and dusty, and he had the unmistakable aspect of a man under a cloud. He slouched a bit and was chewing a wisp of straw—the inevitable work of gentlemen in his walk of life who are not particularly pressed for time

MISS CATHERINE LEWIS, VOCALIST AND ACTRESS.

For Biographical Sketch see page 260.

"Well, Jim," said Rolliner presently, "I have not seen you for a long time. What are you doing about here?"

"I have a boat there," and Rolliner with a nod indicated the water. "I am going across in a minute."

"So am I, and you can row me over. But a boat—what about the boat, Jim?" continued Rolliner, with a good-humored laugh. "I read of fellows who keep boats going out to meet other and bigger boats, and to pick up stray bundles of cigars in oilskin bags that happen to be floating about on the water—I hope you don't know anything about that kind of thing, Jim."

"No, sir," said Jim in his melancholy way.

"That's right, Jim. As an old friend, I should be sorry to know anything wrong of you. Luck plagues us a little sometimes; but a good fellow can stand it, and we must do her the justice of admitting that she gives everyone a chance at some time or other."

"I wish she would give me mine," said Jim, with a short laugh that was not pleasant.

"Perhaps she may, sooner than you expect. Come," said Rolliner briskly; "we'll cross now, if you choose, and compare notes on the voyage."

His melancholy friend led the way, brightening somewhat, however; and they walked to the wharf.

Milhurst dropped into his boat first; Richard Rolliner followed, and as he seated himself, steadying the craft, his eye caught sight of something resting on the lower beam of the pier at his right hand.

Milhurst had picked up the oars, and was about pulling away, when his companion called to him, and he waited. Rolliner leaned over the side as far as he could reach, and succeeded in obtaining the object that had attracted his attention. It proved to be a green carpet-bag.

It was quite new, evidently a recent purchase, and there was a picture of a gaudy parrot on it, and it was locked fast and was very heavy.

There was something indefinitely suspicious about it, and Rolliner eyed it disagreeably, and, finally, in a low tone, summoned his companion.

The bright, full moon was shining over the river, and the two men in the boat, with their heads together, intent upon their discovery, made a suggestive picture.

"What do you think of it?" asked Rolliner after a minute or two.

Milhurst did not care to hazard a guess, and shook his head, dropping the bag and drawing back the least bit.

"The proceeds of a robbery—silverware, perhaps," said the other; "or a kit of burglars' tools. How shall we get it open? Have you a knife?"

He had, it turned out, a huge sailor's clasp-knife, and with this formidable instrument Mr. Milhurst worked away at the lock until it yielded.

And now the carpet-bag was opened and its secrets were disclosed—ghastly, indeed, and at the first sight both men turned pale and were horrified. They saw human flesh—portions of a human body—bones with the flesh attached.

A glimpse was sufficient. Rolliner turned sick.

"Good Heaven! There's crime here, Milhurst," he said in an agitated whisper. "Someone has been murdered."

Milhurst had grown paler; he stared without uttering a word.

"You see," continued Rolliner, "these evidences were intended for the river. There is lead in the bottom of the bag, but the beam of the pier intercepted. What inhuman villain could have done such work!"

"I—I hope," gasped Milhurst, "you don't suspect me?"

"You! Great Heaven, I hope not! None but a most abandoned wretch could be capable of such butchery. How long had you been on that corner over there when I saw you? Did you see no suspicious person lurking about?"

"I had been there about twenty minutes; but I did not notice anyone particularly."

Richard Rolliner continued to stare at the carpet-bag like a man stupefied. He had witnessed many unpleasant sights in this and other lands in the course of his life, but nothing else so hideous as his momentary glimpse at the interior of that receptacle had disclosed.

"What do you propose to do, sir?" inquired his companion, breaking the silence.

"I think we had better go at once to the nearest police-station. That is, in fact, the only course. Here, you see, is a mystery, and the detectives must be put to work."

A few minutes later both were on their way to the place Rolliner had mentioned, himself carrying the carpet-bag. As he walked, an idea occurred to him.

"What if this body has been used for medical purposes?" he said. "The physician at the precinct can tell at a glance. I hope it may prove so, Milhurst. I should hate to be mixed up with a crime, even to be the agent in unearthing one."

The officer on duty received them without surprise. He was a man past middle-age, with a grave and rather shrewd face, and, seated at his desk, simply looked across it through his spectacles, without laying aside the newspaper in his hand. He happened to be quite alone. In very few words Rolliner told his story and displayed his ghastly find. The officer reflected a few minutes, deliberately turning over some of the bones with his forefinger, and then said:

"It is a murder, I think."

He went to the telegraphic instrument, and was busy for a while, and then, coming away, added:

"I have sent for the doctor."

The interval of waiting for the apearance of that official was dreary enough. The officer was not loquacious, and occupied himself with his newspaper. At length two detectives arrived, followed almost immediately by the doctor. The latter was very tall and thin, with white hair, and was addressed as Dr. Dairy. A glance satisfied him that the theory with regard to the remains being those of a dissection was not tenable.

"The mutilation, you perceive," he said, indicating and illustrating as he spoke, "is far too clumsy and unscientific; the bones have been drawn through near the joints, instead of being disarticulated at the joints by the simple division of the ligaments. The corpse was not used for anatomical research—that is utterly out of the question."

"Can you tell, doctor," inquired one of the detectives, "whether all of these pieces belong to one and the same body?"

"There can hardly be a doubt of it."

"The head is gone, and so are the hands and feet," continued the detective.

"Yes; and a portion of the spine—also a part of the chest," replied Dr. Dairy, piecing together different parts; "and I am very sorry, because they are the most important, and precisely those by means of which the human subject is usually and most readily identified."

"And you can't tell about the sex?"

"I can't, of course, by a mere cursory examination, be sure; but I think that this is the body of a woman."

"How long dead?"

"A month or three weeks, I should say; or perhaps not so long. The weather is cold enough—possibly only a fourth night. I must have time to determine these things."

"You believe it a case of murder?" asked the principal officer.

"There can't be a question of it; for here I discover something like a stab—a punctured wound, positively. No; there can't be a question of it," added the doctor, still picking over the remains with a sort of ghoulish curiosity.

The police-officers drew together and conversed in low tones; but the words "inquest," "coroners" "newspapers," were now and then audible. Then the officer in charge of the precinct called Mr. Rolliner and James Milhurst.

"There is a crime at the bottom of this, undoubtedly," he said. "We have decided that the wisest course will be to keep everything from the newspapers, for the present, in the interests of justice. That decision is, of course, subject to the will of those higher in authority than myself, whom I will consult without delay. Meanwhile I advise you, Mr. Rolliner, and your friend—Milhurst is your name, I believe—to say nothing to anyone. Come here on to-morrow afternoon, between four and five. The detectives will begin their inquiries at once. I expect the superintendent personally; but I need not detain you, if you wish to go. Your testimony is not material—that is, just now—and I can tell him how you came by the carpet-bag and—and all the rest."

Rolliner was relieved to be dismissed, James Milhurst no doubt equally so.

"I hope you will find some clue," said Mr. Rolliner.

"The examination of the remains may show something, you know; occupation, if any; general circumstances; mode of death, at which we have made a pretty good guess already; and so on. Then we must look out to see if we cannot connect the case with a mysterious disappearance anywhere; there are always plenty of such, as the newspapers show; many, also, that do not get into the newspapers."

"I should hardly think that," said Rolliner, with a smile.

"Oh! I assure you there are many wonderful things that never reach the papers," smiled the officer in his turn. "There are strange romances told there, but the strangest are those never told."

"There are secrets, I am aware, that are never cleared up."

"And this may be one, sir. There are people who could vanish in a great city like New York without creating any more remark than the sinking of a drop of rain in the river. No one knows whence they came or whither they have gone; no one inquires, no one cares."

"But God sees," said Rolliner.

The officer shrugged.

"Well," he said presently; "come about half-past four to-morrow; perhaps by that time something will have developed; but meanwhile, Mr. Rolliner, and you, Mr. Milhurst, not a syllable to anyone."

Both promised, and then withdrew, the officer showing them out. When they were in the street Mr. Rolliner asked his companion:

"Whither bound now, Jim?"

"I—I do little odd jobs at a concert-hall, sir," replied Milhurst. "I suppose I had better go there; I shan't go across the river to-night, I believe."

Wha

"Nor I, now. t is the name of the place?"

Milhurst told him, and also the name of the street, and they parted. Richard Rolliner then went to his hotel.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE OYSTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY VANDYKE BROWN.

There's been much wisdom wasted
On many a written page
O'er the man who found the oyster
In the prehistoric age,
And who first devoured that morsel,
His hunger to assuage.

But in Darwin's evolution
The simple fact appears
That the oyster—noble creature,
Which stimulates and cheers—
Outdates the human species
By a hundred million years.

He's such an ancient settler,
I harbor the conceit
That when the first man blossomed
Into being, all complete,
The oyster kindly taught him
The proper thing to eat.

The oyster of the present,
Whate'er his past may be,
With shell so roughly crusted,
And form so fine to see,
In his rich and juicy sweetness
Is good enough for me.

But why reduce your comfort,
Or your simple pleasures mar,
By a barnacle attachment
To Superstition's car,
Which condemns the honest oyster
In the months that lack an R?

The fishermen of Suffolk,
Whose minds are very clear,
And whose knowledge of the oyster
Is native and sincere,
Assure me that they eat him
Throughout the live-long year.

I admit that in October,
When the garnered fields are bare,
When the lengthened nights are freshened
By a keen and nipping air,
There's a flavor to the oyster
That's racy, rich and rare.

Then in his fullest glory
He leaves his native coast,
And then—I'm free to own it—
I love the oyster most.
"Yes, waiter, I am waiting;
Bring me a Boston roast!"

MRS. BATES AND THE DEACON'S SON;

OR,

THE GREAT RUSSIAN REMEDY FOR EBRIETY.

A CONEY ISLAND INCIDENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY MAMIE LUKE.

They arrived by the P. P. & C. I. R. R. They were Mr. and Mrs. Eli Bates of Babylon, L. I. He was stout, rollicking and rubicund. She was slim, dismal and dyspeptic. Crossing to Cable's, she said to him, pointing ahead:

"Eli, there's good old Deac'n Rogers' son Joseph, which lives in New York. Now *do see* if you can't try'n be like other men, Eli. Don't holler 'n' yell 's you gen'rally do, and don't, for mercy's sake, mention beer. Be kinder respectable like—*do it!*"

"Betsey, I'll be dreadful respectable, you bet."

Her lips twitched, but she said nothing, for the deacon's son, a serious-looking young fellow, was approaching, and close at hand.

He greeted Mrs. Bates with profound politeness, her features relaxing somewhat their rigidity, and lighting up a little, but not to the smiling point. He was rather coldly polite to Mr. Bates; but for all that the two exchanged knowing winks unobserved by Mrs. Bates.

"How tall's that air thing, Joe?" said Mrs. Bates to the Deacon's son, the greetings over, pointing to the observatory.

"It's over 200 feet, and I'll bet on't."

"Ther aint no need o' bettin', you Eli Bates. You can't say nuthin', 'n' never could, 'thout bettin' on't. It's a scand'lous, disreligious habit, so it is! I hope *you* don't bet, Joseph?"

"I am opposed to betting in all its forms, Mrs. Bates. See this"—he took from his pocket a small, parti-colored card, and showed the old lady. "Well, this is an anti-betting pledge, and, rest assured, I shall keep it till the race is over."

"I mean to have 'race" taken as a metaphor for "life;" but the old lady was a little obtuse and failed to grasp it, or else the word alarmed her.

"Race! Did you say race, Joseph?" Little she knew of races, but enough to know that horse-races took place, and that they were to be looked upon as the invention of the enemy of mankind—something to be severely condemned as demoralizing affairs.

"Yes, Mrs. Bates; but as a figure of speech for life—as his race is run—that is, his life is done—ended."

"Oh!—ah!—I see'" and her tone and look indicated relief.

The card which the young reprobate had shown her was a French pool-ticket on Ben Mace the hurdle-racer, which animal broke his neck that very afternoon.

Mr. Bates now proposed beer. The deacon's son rather stiffly declined to indulge, and was commended therefor by Mrs. Bates, who inveighed sharply against beer-drinking.

In return he offered, in an undertone, to take Mr. Bates to a certain place and get him to drink a decoction that would destroy his taste for beer and liquors immediately; he would do this if Mrs. Bates would take a seat on the veranda and await their return. The look which Mrs. Bates gave him was one of gratitude in advance; and, no doubt, he considered it sufficient remuneration for the great service he would render her and hers. Half a minute later, he and Mr. Bates departed for parts unknown to Mrs. Bates. They were some little time gone; but, in view of the benefit that would result to Eli, she possessed her soul with exceeding patience.

At length they reappeared, and, strange to say, she thought Eli's face looked redder than before; but, having unbounded confidence in the Deacon's son, she was charitable enough to ascribe the super-redness in Eli's face—if such was the case, and not a fancy of hers—to the "decoction" he had taken. She was correct.

Eli and Joseph approached. The former was gesticulating and brandishing his cane, as she had seen him do when angered—which was seldom, however. She went to meet them.

"It was a darned mean trick, Joe Rogers!" she heard Eli say, and rejoiced.

"You'll thank me for it some day," she heard Joseph respond, and felt grateful.

"You go to thunder, Joe Rogers!" and Eli turned his back on the Deacon's son, who continued on and met Mrs. Bates.

"I congratulate you, Mrs. Bates. It is done! Mr. Bates is saved! He has taken three doses of The Great Russian Remedy for Ebriety, 'and you couldn't get him to taste of beer *now!* I have saved him for you, Mrs. Bates, at the expense of his good opinion of me—for a short time, when he will think better of me than ever! One peculiarity about this remedy is that one dose begets a desire for more, nothing else being required of a stimulating nature. So, you see, a man is cured at once!"

"What blessed stuff, Joseph! How ken I ever pay you?"

"Don't mention it, Mrs. Bates."

"Taint nasty stuff, I s'pose?—can't be, or they wouldn't hanker for it."

"Oh, no; very agreeable, the mixture is. I took a small vial of it as a preventive in my case. Here it is."

He showed a four-ounce vial, filled with a dark, rich-red liquid, which he uncorked, smelling the contents, and passing the vial to her, she then smelling the liquid.

"It smells kinder nice, Joseph."

"It tastes better, Mrs. Bates. Just try it—The Great Russian Remedy for Ebriety!' Take enough to taste it, Mrs. Bates."

Any suggestion from the Deacon's son she would have heeded, and she followed his counsel now.

"Why, bless me! 'taint bad at all, Joseph—a little warm and bitterish, bitter sweet, that's all. Really, it's quite nice—quite!" and she smacked her lips as one will after a pleasant draught. "I sh'd think Eli might git along on this, I'm sure—it's better'n beer, for I tasted of that once."

"Much better, Mrs. Bates; and your husband will get along on it first-rate, never have the least fear."

"Dear me, I wish I had the recipy, so's——"

"I anticipated your wish, Mrs. Bates. There you have the recipe for use hereafter. Mr. Bates has a bottle of the remedy in his pocket—enough for to-day. And now you must excuse me, Mrs. Bates, as I am making arrangements for a Sunday-school picnic down here, and I want you to come."

"What a good young man ——"

"Don't mention it, Mrs. Bates." Taking his vial, he bade her adieu, and called out good-bye to Eli, getting no response, however. Eli was seated with his back to her, on the veranda of the hotel, and before Mrs. Bates moved towards him she scanned the recipe and read—no, saw—thereon these mystic words: "Yeksihw; Ragus; Srettib; Retaw; Leepnomel. Edlug Srepeekrab Ees for proportions."

"Him! them outlandish words is Rushun, I s'pose. But the 'pothecary ken read 'em, of course. I'm so glad I got this recipy, I declare—Eli won't go on no more busts now!"

She carefully folded the paper and put it in her pocket, then moved on Eli, satisfaction lighting her sombre features.

He was "onfish" at first, but superabundant good-nature prevailed, and in a few moments Eli Bates was himself again; and rather more so, as if to atone for his delinquency—or it might have been owing to the 'Great Russian Remedy for Ebriety."

They went down the beach Corbinwards, and back again and up the beach Nortonwards, "taking in" the outdoor sights as they presented themselves; and, though Eli "hollered" louder than ever, laughed more boisterously than ever, called out "Betsey" oftener than ever, joked more than ever, and cut more capers in his exceeding exuberance, yet did Mrs. Bates let him "carry on" without a word of remonstrance.

She knew his exhilaration did not proceed from "nasty beer" or "vil'nous licker," as he had not been out of her sight a moment, nor ordered any in her presence, but drank only of the "Remedy," and so she was content; and as she had the "receipy" for the marvelous preparation which had so quickly destroyed Eli's appetite for beer and liquor, she was more than content—was gratified beyond measure, as her lighted-up countenance plainly attested. Why, she very nearly smiled!

"You feel good, don't you, Eli? I'm *so* glad!" she said to him, when they were about opposite Ravenhall's.

"You bet, ol' girl!—good's they make 'em! Feel like a fightin' cock, I do!" She scowled and drew the corners of her month. "Peacock, I mean, Betsey—peacock!"

The amendment was accepted by Betsey, whose month relaxed and whose frown faded away.

"Ain't that Rushun Remedy jus as good's beer, Eli?—ain't it better? I know it's nice, 'cos I took quite a little swaller out of Joseph's vial. I know I sh'd rether hev it'n beer."

"Better! Gosh blame my skin, Betsey, beer aint a marker to this Rooshin liq—medicine! No more beer for me, ol' girl. I wouldn't drink a glass fer four shill'n's, Bets."

"I'm *so* glad, Eli! I know you never drink beer enough to git cross, but there aint no need o' drinkin' any."

"Not if I had this Rooshin co—corjel, Betsey, you bet. He took a pint glass flask from his pocket and took a "pull" at it; then offered it to Betsey.

"Take a little swig, ol' girl—'twon't hurt you a bit—do you good!"

"I *tell* taste on't, Eli—it's a 'remedy,' you know!" She took a fair "taste," for the liquid gargled as it ran out of the flask. She blinked a little and aspirated, then smacked her lips and looked pleased—for her!

"I sh'd think that 'remedy' 'd be handy to hev in the house, Eli. I declare, I b'lieve I feel better for't a' ready—it's so warmin', and kinder stirs you up, like. Who'd drink beer when they could git this—eh, Eli?"

"Nobody but concarned fools, Betsey—nobody!"

"And I mean to hev it in the house for you, all the time!" Eli started a little, and looked pleasurably surprised. "Now, why don't you take off your shoes and stockin's, Eli, and paddle round in the water a little? I'll set down here on the sand."

"I awan. I'll do it!" said Eli, corking the flask; and two minutes later he was "paddling," while she sat on the sand, looking at him one moment, and at the highly-prized "recipy" the next, the mystic words written thereon possessing a charm for her—her face showed it.

Suddenly, after the lapse of ten minutes, she starts violently, with an exclamation of—well, dismay, as near as I can place it. Then her brow closely contracts, her eyes bulge and glare under her blue "specs," her thin nostrils dilate and quiver, her mouth draws down, and her thin and bloodless lips twitch. The change within two seconds was great.

What caused it? What had she discovered? This: She had spelled—that is, said over—the letters of the mystic words, but could not pronounce them to save herself, if we except two. Something struck her to spell the first word backwards, and the result caused the startle and explanation. The spelling had given her a word she could not pronounce, but which she abhorred—"W-h-l-a-k-e-y!"

The next "Rushun" word—"Srettib"—resulted in sugar! The next—"Srettib"—was transformed into bitters! "Retaw" resolved itself into water, and so on, until she had anglicized the "Rushun recipy" thus: "Whiskey, sugar, bitters, water, lemon-peel. See 'Barkeepers' Guide' for proportions."

Was ever woman before confronted with so appalling a document? Did ever another's face take on such an expression of mingled rage, mortification, shame, hate, sorrow, reprehension, detestation, and I don't know what, as hers? Were these emotions ever before so blended in the human form? I doubt.

Upon her feet she came as if her legs were fitted with steel springs.

"Eli Bates! Eli Bates!" she fairly screamed out, "you come here this minute!"

The red-faced reprobate "came up smiling," rolling out a snatch of a song from "Pinafore."

"What's the racket, Betsey? What's the racket, ol' girl?"

"Racket enough, you old villain. Look a' that!—do you know what that is?" and she thrust the "Rushun recipy" right up to his very face. He took it, looked at it a moment or two, and said:

"Give it up, Betsey. Can't read Choctaw, I can't."

"Read them words backward, you villain—and so's Joseph Rogers, too—him I used to dandle on my knee,

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1879.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

[For answers to unanswered questions, see first page of "Theatrical Record."]

AKRON.—Trickett has been looked upon as the possessor of the technical championship of the world since his victory over Joe Sadler, champion of England, on the Thames, in 1876. Sadler became virtually champion of England after the death of Kenrick, in 1877, as he won the scullers' race at the international regatta held at Halifax in the Summer of that year, beating Geo. Brown, Henry Coulter, Harry Kelley, Bob Rae, Dear ge Brown, Henry Coulter, Harry Kelley, Bob Rae, Dear ge Brown, Henry Coulter, Harry Kelley, Bob Rae, mall and others. Ten days afterwards Sadler took part in the international scullers' race on Saratoga Lake, and won, defeating Harry Kelley, John Higlin, Ellis Ward and others. In 1878 he beat Hagwall for the championship, and in the following year defended the title against E. W. Hanlan, to whom he ceded it on Oct. 7, 1878. At the time the match with Trickett took place Sadler certainly had a better right to claim the title of champion of the world than any other, though, had Sadler won, Trickett would probably never have gained that distinction, for he was never considered to have a chance with the lamented Tyneside, who lost his life on the Kennebeccasis, and who had intended rowing at Halifax and Saratoga. When he was beaten by the Australian, Sadler was on the decline, and it is questionable if Trickett could have beaten Sadler when the latter was at his best, while at no time was Sadler the equal of the foremost scullers of the present day.

D. C., Ontario.—1. We can make nothing of this question, even if is that you mean to ask if a player with a card from his hand can raise his partner's or an opponent's build to match or duplicate a build he himself has made on his last previous play. He can do so, alike to duplicate his own build or to make a new one while he allows the old one to remain on table. 2. A player forfeits the game who builds or makes a combination when he has in his hand no card that will take that combination or build. Partners are not to be assisted in that way. More plainly, it is the unwritten law of all games of cards that a player cannot do for his partner what he would not be allowed to do for himself. 3. At checkers, when a player can jump with two men, he is at liberty to choose either, regardless of the equal of the foremost scullers of the present day.

with two men, he is at liberty to choose either, regardless of the damage to his opponent. It is the same with a king as with a man.

TAFFY, Mobile.—A lot. All that was necessary for B to do was to produce five dollars, on the spot where the bet was made, within ten minutes. It was not necessary for him to make a look at it. A went to needless trouble in going to the office hours. He only had to wait a few hours and shut his eyes. It would have done him just as much good as going away. However, as the matter was referred by mutual consent to a man whom both decided to be a winner because he refused to wait to see the five dollars produced, there is an end to the matter. A is entitled to the money bet, unless he has agreed to this further reference

CASINO.—1. Having placed the three from your hand onto the ace on the board and called "Four," you cannot add the two deuces together that are on the board and call the pile "Fours." That would be calling twice to one play. You could, however, have put the three from your hand with the ace and the two deuces on the board and called them "Four" at once. 2. Having built a pile of "four," when it comes your turn to play you may take in as many different fours from your hand as you find on the board.

W. W., Peoria.—Those on the ball-bond of Jefferson Davis in 1867 were W. H. McFarland, Isaac Davenport, Richard Barton Haxall, Abraham Warwick, Gustavus A. Myers, Crump, William H. Crump, James Lyons, John M. Meredith, William H. Lyons and James Thomas Jr., all of Richmond, Va.; John Minor Botts and Thomas W. Bosworth of Virginia; Archbishop Hughes and Horace Greeley of Philadelphia; and Horace Greeley and Augustus Schell of New York.

CONSTANT READER, Princeton.—There are silver and golden weddings only. The subdivisions, such as wood, china, tin and crystal, are mere matters of caprice. It would be proper enough for you to call a fifth year the horse wedding, provided you presented the couple with a horse; and so you could go on with all the years except the twenty-fifth and fiftieth, which the practice of ages has made notable events in a wedded couple's lifetime, and dedicated to silver and gold.

W. H. C., Wanisto.—At euchre a player does not order has partner up. If he wishes him to go alone, he will order his partner down—that is, the partner is to lay his hand down. If ordering a partner up means anything at all, it is that the one who so orders proposes to make the trump, and as in many coteries an assistance is not allowed, the player who should inadvertently say "I assist" or "I order you up" to his partner would be considered to go alone.

D. W. Y., Syracuse.—Neither of the fielders should be charged with an error in the case you mention. 2. A misjudged catch is scored as an error. 3. An outfielder can be fined with an error for each misplay, and he may also throw any base-runner out, passed balls, etc.—that allows the striker or base-runner to make one or more bases. 4. A is credited with a base-hit when, after hitting safely, the ball strikes a base-runner.

H. E. M., Philadelphia.—1. It will do nothing of the kind. The principle of all such preparations is to be produced by friction. Rub whiskey or alcohol into the flesh every day, and you will force a moustache just as quickly; but even then you will probably tire of rubbing before hair comes. 2. THE ALMANAC will contain only the best racing time. Its price is fifteen cents.

JACK, Washington.—You are wrong. The game is to go on only so long as B has a chance to beat A by actually pocketing balls. Meanwhile all scratches will count, but the game is never to be continued on the bare possibility of getting scratches. For instance, if A has pocketed thirty-one in balls, A will be out if his score is 45 to B's 41, for the latter cannot equal A in pocketed balls.

P. T., Albany.—The point does not count for the reason that but one card was run. Not even the beggar and the dealer have the right to agree to run fewer than three cards at a time. Running but one card would enable a dealer's chance of turning up jack by two hundred per cent.; and that is unfair, not only to the beggar, but also to the other players.

C. Cox, Brooklyn.—In the race for the champion one-mile cup at Royal Oak Park, Manchester, Eng., Aug. 19, 1868 (not in London, June 19, 1875, as you wrote), when Bill Lang and Mall (colored) beat Richards in 4m. 17¼s., the other starters were R. McInstray, James Sanderson, Pat Stapleton, Siah Albison, Chas. Mower, John Sanderson and Jonas Nuttall.

CARSON CITY.—It is not necessary in this case to raise the question of fraud. A worded his bet in the future tense, thereby implying that at that time the game was still playing or else had not yet begun. As matter of fact, the game was then finished. B had no possible chance to win, and therefore could not lose.

IGNORANCE.—You could take in both pulls if they were ten or under. You cannot make a pile of twelve by adding a deuce to a ten. There can be no exception to the rule, for the reason that there is no card to capture it with. Jack will take only a jack or jacks, a queen only a queen or queens, and a king only a king or kings.

G. J., Santa Maria.—A whitener is a mixture with either a currier's knife or a tool called a "slicker." If with a knife, he uses it on a "beam." If with a "slicker," he works either on a flat table or a table inclined a little. Moleskins are generally whitened with a knife, and splits and morocco with a "slicker."

J. W. D., Great Bend.—1. Address H. W. Collender, 788 Broadway, this city, who will forward you rules of various pool games free of charge. 2. It is fifteen-ball pool, with a high hand for first prize, another for last, a low ball for low, and the remainder to count for game.

L. M. HERMAN, Troy.—Weston did not make anything like the amount mentioned by his writer in the six days' race in London. The actual amount received was but little more than $3,000, out of which all expenses had to be paid.

AUGUSTUS STANTON.—You lose. During the six-day contest in which Charles Rowell won the Astley belt last March (not April, as you state) fifty cents was the price charged for admission to Gilmore's Garden during the first four days, it being doubled on Friday and Saturday only.

A. W. H., Buffalo.—There is no method by way of dealing with that point. Applying the card principle to it, the elder hand of the two who tie should count for game. Applying the principle of fifteen-and-pone to it, the lead should be referred to the next game.

H. M. W., Carson.—The first two prizes lie among the three men who finished the 40, and the choice is between the two who threw 20, if that was low. The tiers can throw off or settle the matter in any other way that is agreeable.

M. L., Savannah.—Multiplication is but a form of addition; and if you will multiply one quarter of a dollar by adding twenty-four quarters together, you will find that as the result of this process of multiplication you have six dollars and twenty-five cents.

C. W. B., Baltimore.—1. Very likely it is. It is a rare thing to go three heats at four miles. An older horse might have shut both of those out in the first heat. 2. Fellowcraft and Ten Broeck both beat Lexington's four-mile time years ago.

A. A. K., Fort Scott.—We know of none in St. Louis, and are not sure whether any are doing business in Chicago at present. You would be likely to get what you want through Sim monds & Brown, 863 Broadway, New York.

WM. BRANNEN, Deadwood.—In the first international match between American and Irish athletes, at Beaumont, L. I., Sept. 26, 1874, Colonel John Bodine of the American team fired the last shot.

TRACY, Minneapolis.—1. Nearly all if not every one of his pieces have been run from a flying start, and the times made do not go on record. 2. We have no list at hand. 3. He is a fast 100-yard runner.

SWAMPSCOTT.—Hanlan and Riley rowed a dead heat at the regatta held at Barrie, Ontario, in August; and as Hanlan declined to row over, Riley was awarded first prize after going over the course.

A. M., Jersey City.—Foster's majority was his excess over all opponents, and not his excess over either Green-back or Democratic candidates. A plurality is not a majority.

TWO SUBSCRIBERS, Boston.—Send a printed copy of the title-page, and also one dollar, to Charles Hale, Congress, Washington, D. C. As soon as the book or pamphlet is printed, send two perfect copies to the same official.

O. H. C., Council Bluffs.—A loses. Neither had to have a majority, as called for—not a plurality, as his vote over Ewing was.

P. H., Jersey City.—Censuses will be taken next year in every State in the Union, and then we shall know all about it.

X X X, Greenville.—The only Doctor Loomis in the Directory is Prof. Alfred A. Loomis, 42 West Twenty-fifth street.

ATHLETE, Streator—Ed. James publishes a work on wrestling, which you can obtain by sending fifty cents to the advertised address.

NEW BRUNSWICK.—By communicating with Mills & Codd, New York City, or Goldsbrough & Co., Melbourne, Australia, you may obtain the desired information.

J. M., Harrisburg.—Collins went out of the business some time ago, and we do not know where such goods can be purchased.

CONSTANT READER, Baltimore.—The fastest recorded time, one mile, by a runner, is 4m. 17¼s., and a dead heat between Lang and Richards.

ALLEGHENY.—A loses. The Republican majority at the October election in Ohio was about 30,000. Plurality must not be confounded with majority.

J. J. C., Percy.—B could not so add his partner, unless there had been an understanding among all the players to that effect.

MAW O'B.—The opera-house advertisement in a space of ten lines will cost $29.25, net cash in advance, for six months.

A. C. L.—We are not positive, and have written to the builder and sailmaker for information which will enable us to decide the question correctly.

C. M. L., Ellis.—No date has yet been fixed. When this shall have been done, you will find an announcement of the fact in THE CLIPPER.

E. S., Trenton.—There were eighteen starters in the City and Suburban Handicap, which Parole won last Spring.

J. H. K., Union Springs.—There can be no lone hand at euchre where there has been an assistance, except it has otherwise been agreed upon by the several players.

W. A. A.—It was the Princess Victoria who was born on Nov. 21, 1840, Prince Albert having been born on Nov. 9, 1841.

C. C. A., Toledo.—"Over Foster or Platt" admits of no doubt. Foster had to have a majority of 300 over either in that county. A loses.

LYMAN QUACKENBUSH, Jersey City.—See paragraph headed "The Best Twenty-mile Record" in THE CLIPPER dated Nov. 1.

F. W. W., Phila.—We have handed your letter to Harry Jennings, whose place of business is at 395 Broome street, this city.

DANIEL SCHAFER.—You can obtain that information by applying personally at the armory of one of the regiments.

J. B.—It there is any record of such a performance or attempt at it, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals ought to have it, as the driver should be in jail.

P. D. CORNELL, Northport.—Such records of steamboat time as we are in possession of will be found in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

TOM GORMAN, Peoria.—We presume you mean when Weston won the Astley belt. We cannot give you the precise figures, but the amount was about $3,000

JOHN LUX, Clyde.—1. It is a record 2. Yes. 3, 4, 5. See CLIPPER ALMANAC.

HARRY, Woonsocket.—1. Chas. Renton, 14 Warren street, New York. 2. George W Stephenson, 210 Grand street.

I. A. W., Providence.—O'Leary won the Astley belt twice in succession.

A. AND B., Chicago.—A counts the shot, spots the red ball, and continues play

SUBSCRIBER, Fort Lapwai.—Four threes and a six count twenty.

F. L., Feeding Hills.—The date was Oct. 4, 1873, but we cannot supply a copy.

WM. O'LEARY, Bridgeport.—You can address John Doble, in our care.

CLIPPER READER, Paterson.—In 4, jack, 8, 1, 2, 3, 3, there is no run for the player of the three.

H. AND C., Muscatine.—There can be no straight with a deuce as the ace card in it.

SUBSCRIBER.—The fastest time for five miles, running, by a pedestrian, is 24m. 40s., by J. White, in England.

J. W. M., Boston.—E. F. Weeten was born in Providence, R. I.

CONSTANT READER.—All cards being up at pinnochle, you must take every trick that you can.

H. N.—A had no right to deal three cards at one stage of the round, and one card at another.

WM. SCARLOTT, Winnipeg.—Having contended for a money prize in a race, he is a professional.

G. O. S., Louisville.—Please give precise dates on which companies play in your city.

VERITAS.—See "Baseball Notes" in another column for a list of the players engaged by the Buffalo Club for 1880.

A READER.—At casino you can put one upon ace and take them in with a deuce. A loses.

E. S. LYT.—No. See our aquatic department.

A. T.—There should be but one ante in every hand at draw poker.

W. H., Anoka.—Such a horse may be well regarded as promising.

J. J. C., Minneapolis.—Sixes are high at poker-dice, and pace low, unless otherwise agreed upon.

J. C., San Antonio.—Capt. Turner is still in this city, and we believe that he is still connected with *The Courier*.

J. C., Fort Ellis.—Their address is No. 190 Ninth avenue, New York.

NO SIGNATURE.—C could not play alone on a trump made by H.

S. V. R. P., Troy.—We refer you to W. W. Whitney, music-publisher, Toledo, O.

FRANK AND GEORGE, Arlington Heights.—60, by Schaefer, May 15, 1879.

CONSTANT READER, Brighton Station.—Hanlan was ahead at that time.

RAINBRIDGE.—Yes, will find the fastest times recorded in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

J. M. H., Atlanta.—Ed. James, who advertises, can get them for you.

LUMBER, Renovo.—Address Peck & Snyder, 124 Nassau street, New York.

O. W. B., St. Louis.—Ulysses S. Grant was born in Ohio.

JERSEY.—The count for four threes and a six is twenty.

REPUBLICAN, Painesville.—The Democrat wins.

S., Kenton.—Foster did not get 5,000 majority.

F. G.—"To-morrow will be Sunday" is correct.

L. C. C., Muscatine.—It is not a straight.

TOM MARTIN.—Yes; sent as requested.

JOHN MCMAHON.—We sent them.

LA VERE.—Money received.

S. S. YOUNG.—Out of print.

ED. C. SMITH.—Yes.

DRAWING A LINE.

Time was, within the history of this journal, when athletic sports got precious little encouragement from the people. A considerable class of eminently respectable persons—religious instructors, college professors and the later representatives of puritanism—openly denounced all trials of skill and physical endurance as degrading and brutal. Another and more numerous class, while not joining in this denunciation, still partly approved of it, and kept themselves piously aloof from the field of sport. As for the public collectively, without bothering its head about the morality of the thing, it seemed to take very little interest, one way or the other, in matters of this kind. Of course there were exceptions to this general rule, as, for example, the meeting between Heenan and Sayres on that memorable April day, 1860, at Farnborough, England. On the verge of civil war, as the country then was, that event for a time eclipsed all others in popular interest. Even the illustrated newspaper which is pleased to call itself "a journal of civilization" regarded it as of enough importance to print a two-page picture of the pugilists in the ring. But the history of THE CLIPPER dates back of 1860 by some years, and within the bounds of that history, as we said before, there was a period when outdoor sports received very little substantial encouragement from the public.

Looking back, say twenty years, it is perhaps not to be wondered at that Americans were largely indifferent with regard to the issue of sporting events. For it should be remembered that the sporting world moved in what to-day would be considered a very narrow orbit. Baseball, the game of all others which has done so much to develop a love for athletic sport in this country, was then in its pinafore. Pedestrianism found but few admirers, and go-as-you-please contests were unknown. On the turf, Flora Temple's 2:19¾, which had just been made, was looked upon by many as the crowning record of speed possible to be got out of a trotting horse. In boating, to be sure, Josh Ward had pulled five miles in faster time than has since ever been made in a race actually contested; but the interest in that event, notwithstanding the remarkable work accomplished, was not very great. The prize-ring enjoyed a larger share of favor than it does now, but it served also as the stereotyped argument against all manly sports. Long-range shooting was practically unknown, and the number of contests of any kind which could be said to have aroused anything like popular enthusiasm was extremely small. We are speaking now of a period some years after the launching of THE CLIPPER. It is reasonable to infer that, unless we had cherished an abiding faith in the steady growth and ultimate popularity of athletic sports, this journal would not have been founded. It was not so pleasant a task to champion muscle in those days as it is now. However, so long as muscle itself kept a clean record, there was nothing to fear. Narrow-minded prejudice was bound to give way, and the Miss Nancyish morality was destined to evaporate in the sunlight of common sense. The growth came, as we knew it would, and the popularity which athletic sports enjoy to-day exceeds even our most sanguine expectations. So long as we had only the outside enemies to fight—that is, so long as physical training was condemned by those whose every argument rested upon the corner-stone of ignorance and bigotry—why, so long we felt morally certain of victory. The unjust censure hurled against brawn did not emanate from brain. It was the phylactery which Pharisees displayed, and it was not very difficult to smash it.

To-day things are greatly changed. Athletic sports get all the encouragement they deserve, and sometimes, perhaps, a trifle more. Fifty thousand persons pay their dollar each to see a pedestrian contest; half as many congregate to witness a boat-race; a thousand baseball-players, more or less, earn a livelihood by the display of their skill, and an international rifle-match awakens almost as much excitement as a presidential election. The sage teachers of morality have come to look leniently, even admiringly, upon muscle, while the college professor sometimes goes so far as himself to act as referee, rather than not have the show go on. All this is pleasant. All this is something over which THE CLIPPER has a right to rejoice. It proves beyond question that the barriers of prejudice have been swept away. But behold, in this time of victory, comes another and not unknown foe. He is far more to be dreaded than the open enemy. He strikes in the dark, and he seeks to slay the very cause in which he is enlisted. So long as a thing is good in itself, it need not fear the mud cast by malice. On the contrary, abuse will make it all the better, as rubbing steel in the dirt makes the blade brighter. But if the thing is not good in itself—if what should be sound and wholesome emits an odor unmistakably suggestive of internal rottenness—then, in the inevitable logic of events, the thing will fall to pieces and decay. To put it more plainly, the world of sport has nothing to fear so much as itself. One such affair as the Mayville fiasco does more injury to sculling interests than a thousand frades against that sport. As we pointed out in a former article, it is high time that a line should be drawn between sport *per se* and sport which ridicules its title by becoming purely and wholly a matter of business. The former may not always be free from suspicion; but it is plain that the latter can never be anything else than a perversion of sport as well as a hippodroming farce.

It seems to us that THE CLIPPER has earned the right to advise as well as to encourage the aspirants for athletic honors. In the exercise of this right, it certainly has no wish to mete out Sunday-school homilies; but it simply voices a sentiment common to all who have the welfare of manly sports at heart when it says that the athletic honors can be won only by honesty. And in this case honesty is not a matter of policy at all. It is a matter of necessity.

VERY APPROPRIATELY, to-day, Tuesday, Nov. 4, when THE NEW YORK CLIPPER carries glad tidings to every portion of the habitable globe, the great city of New York is engaged in the patriotic duty of once more saving the nation; and ere our friends at a distance shall have enjoyed the many good things we have herein set before them, one of the great questions of the day will have been decided, and the successful candidate for Governor of this commonwealth will have been declared elected. With three good candidates in the field, as their respective friends and adherents claim them to be, our State has nothing to fear, be the choice of the people Robinson, Cornell or Kelly. Idle rumors are current that "fraud" will influence the election, and that the best man will not be permitted to win. This is a slander upon the proud escutcheon of this immaculate metropolis, whose existence depends upon the purity of the glass ballot-box. We are used to such accusations, but we quietly live them down, and thus heap coals of fire upon the bald heads of our enemies. If a free and independent voter finds two ballots stuck together, it is his duty, if he has the time and the inclination, to disintegrate them, and thus preserve his honor undefiled. The advice so recklessly given to "vote early and often" is not born of "the true principles of the government," and our friends will do well to take no heed of it. Gentlemen who stand upon the sidewalk and loiter in the marketplaces and offer their votes for less than current rates should be discouraged, nor should any virtuous citizen seek to tamper with the elective privileges guaranteed to those who find a home and perquisites in the greatest country on the earth. What a blessed nation this would be, if all cities and all States in our glorious confederation were like New York! Then would the tomahawk and the cleaver be buried out of sight, and the land flow with milk and honey and lager-bier forevermore!

PAUL BOYTON must have changed his tactics of late; for, instead of continuing his aquatic exploits, he has evidently gone back on them and taken to the trigger, judging by a telegram from Hanover, N. H., which states that he shot the falls at that place on Oct. 28. This leaves the field, or rather the water, open to Captain Webb.

THREE great electric lights went out almost at the same time last week—Fighting Joe Hooker, the great military chieftain; Zach. Chandler, a prominent leader in political circles; and J. B. Buckstone, a life-long actor and theatrical manager.

THE LUNCH-ROUTE is coming into favor again, and the fiend of the cracker-and-cheese dish once more towers up in his proper form.

MUSCLE AND MORALIZING.

The faculty of moralizing over the passing events of this wicked world seems to be possessed in a very large degree by the editors of the daily newspapers. This faculty is called into requisition so often and under so many varying conditions that there is really no escape from the conviction that editors are amazingly moral men. We have always held to this view ourselves, so far, at least, as it had a personal application; but we are glad to find that all our esteemed contemporaries are just as moral as we are, and that every office keeps on hand at least one able-bodied moralist who can draw a sermon out of anything, even a beer-keg.

When a particularly nasty scandal soils the supposably pellucid waters of "good society," the moralizing man rises at once to the situation. He talks eloquently about throwing open the floodgates of filth, and publishing minute details of improper things to be read by white-souled women and half-soiled children. He laments, above all, that public taste should be vitiated by such reports, and indignantly raises his voice against burdening the columns of the daily press with unwholesome, and often disgusting matter. The unsophisticated reader might easily suppose that the moralizing man is really mad because he has a fresh scandal to deal with—but he isn't. On the contrary, he is devoutly thankful, as all newspaper writers are when something or somebody turns up to furnish a fresh topic. But we fear that the good seed so freely dropped by the journalistic moralist is too often choked by the tares that grow in the same field. For, after bracing up morally on the editorial page, the unsuspecting reader turns over his paper, and there, under seductive head-lines and small-cap breaks, he finds seven solid columns of the very stuff against which he has just been warned! It naturally follows that by the time he has taken in all of these seven columns (which he does now purely from a sense of duty, so that he may caution his wife not to do the same thing)—by the time he has taken in this allopathic dose—the effect produced by the previous homœopathic pill has entirely passed away. We submit that seven columns to half a column is not just; it doesn't give the moral man a fair show. While he is deploring the latest opening of the floodgates of filth, seven active reporters are sent out to get all of the flood they possibly can. On the face of it, this isn't right. It is expecting too much of any one man to keep the floodgates shut, when seven representatives from the same paper are doing their level best to force them open. Even editorial morality can never do that.

Of late we have observed that the moral man has been devoting his energies pretty steadily to athletic sports and contests. It has long been one of his favorite occupations to squeeze sermons out of the exaggerated misdeeds of theatrical people. Somewhat of the old Puritanic prejudice seems still to linger in modern blood, and to prompt strictures upon a noble art because, forsooth, some unworthy follower of that art turns out to be a rogue. We grew accustomed, long ago, to these periodic attacks upon the stage; but this moralizing over trials of physical skill and endurance has of late, usurped the place generally accorded the actor and his profession. Throughout all the numerous pedestrian matches which awakened public interest the country over, the journalistic moralist must have found himself in his precise element. After attending faithfully each day's performance (on a complimentary badge), and perhaps investing a few dollars on his favorite competitor, what could be a more gracious or congenial task than to wend his way to his sanctum, and there moralize over the degrading spectacle of tens of thousands of people flocking to see the poor wretches walk? ["Poor" is a favorite word with the moral man, who, himself enjoying the princely income of twenty dollars a week, applies it frequently and compassionately to the pedestrian who gathers in twenty thousand dollars for six days' work.] Meantime, while the moralist moralizes and also keeps an eye on the hourly score, the diligent reporters turn in graphic accounts of the contest, which in the news columns ceases to be a degrading spectacle and becomes a glorious struggle. Inasmuch as mankind at large has never regarded feats of physical strength or endurance as degrading spectacles, and inasmuch as athletic contests have invariably found their most enthusiastic admirers among those natures that have reached the highest civilization, we very much fear that the newspaper moralizer will not succeed in his self-imposed task of convincing the world that morality suffers by the development of muscle. Still, it is pleasant to observe how patiently and well he does his work. Moreover, the editors of our daily papers are generally shrewd men, who know pretty well what interests the public. So, when they give us ten columns of a walking-match or boat-race to one meagre half-column of moralizing, we may reasonably conclude that that is about the ratio in which their readers want the story. In any event, the journalistic moralizer should be held in high esteem. And if it should so happen that his moralizing powers ever enable him to back the right man for winner, the event will not only increase his moral resources, but will materially add to his prospects of getting a new Winter overcoat.

A MERE SUGGESTION.

It would be idle just now to further discuss the probable outcome of the "Hanlan-Courtney match;" but there is one feature which may properly be touched upon. The money for which Hanlan and Courtney were announced to row was offered in the shape of a prize bearing the name of a patent-medicine company. Indeed, it was made one of the articles of agreement that the prize should be known by the name of that company. Without stopping to deliberate upon the propriety of this sort of thing, it strikes us that our professional friends should welcome it as a novel and exhaustless source of revenue. Now that the ball has been set rolling, what stands in the way of utilizing the business interests of the country, and making them, so to speak, the hub of the wheel round which our amusements henceforth shall revolve? Take, for example, the Pipin Plaster. What could be neater or more appropriate than for the P. P. to announce a match in the P. R., subscribing therefor a generous purse, and making it a condition that at the end of the contest the gentlemen engaged shall be publicly patched up with Pipin Plaster? Then, to revive the interest in pedestrianism, let the All-sole Cure Linament turn its mental powers to a tournament. A very big prize should be offered, and a corps of men employed to keep the pedestrians' joints thoroughly oiled. It should be so arranged that the winner of the match turns out to be the man who has used the greatest quantity of the liniment during the walk. Examples of this kind can easily be multiplied, and a little reflection will show that by applying the same principle to all athletic sports and contests they might be given an impetus hitherto unknown.

But we would not restrict the benefits growing out of this highly original idea to outdoor sports alone. If the Pipin Plaster patronizes the P. R., and if the All-soul Cure Liniment lends the dignity of its reputation to walking matches, why should not Banker's Unbreakable Suspender devote itself to be holding-up of the variety show? Think of it, gentlemen of song-and-dance propensities and ladies with serio-comic designs! Fat salaries, long engagements, big houses and an absolute certainty of achieving fame, elaborate lithograph printing and three-sheet posters bearing these talismanic words: "The Great Banker Unbreakable Suspender Variety Company!" No longer need there be any anxiety on the part of performers about filling their time or persuading hard-hearted managers to give them dates. The Great Banker, etc., would, as a matter of policy, secure the very funniest people to be had; so that every man and boy who attended the show would be morally certain to burst his suspenders laughing. This would lead to a lively demand for the Unbreakables, and make the experiment profitable to all concerned.

Going one step farther, it occurs to us that the publishers of Sunday-school books might adopt this enterprising plan with decided advantage both to themselves and the public. It has already been demonstrated that a canvas tent possesses remarkable drawing powers. Temperance crusaders and religious revivals have flourished about a centre pole with gratifying vigor. Suppose, now, that the Sunday-school book-publisher should provide a big tent, a wide-awake exhorter and a first-class circus company. Suppose he should invite the public to come to the tent, and listen to the exhorter whose address would turn out to be a warning against attending circuses, accompanied by a glowing description of the new Sunday-school story, "The Two Paths." This book might show how the small boy who went to the circus fell into evil ways, and, when he became a man, was sent to prison or Congress or some such place; while the small boy who didn't go to the circus died very young and happy. By way of a climax to his speech, the exhorter might announce that agents would pass around on the seats and dispose of copies of the immortal book at fifty cents each; and further, to give the public an opportunity to judge for itself of the grievous immorality of the circus, a ticket would be given to every purchaser of the book, entitling him to remain and witness the performance about to be given in the ring. It strikes us that this plan would give the Sunday-school book a very large circulation.

IF CAPTAIN WILLIAMS were sent to Union Springs and Officer Fleming to Toronto, and those officials were to club together to bring about a meeting between Courtney and Hanlan, their two clubs together *might* club together the two oarsmen.

ONE OF "US" bought Keene Jim at the sale of some of Mr. Bonner's famous trotting stock on Wednesday of last week. "Our" name is Charles A. Dana of *The Sun*, and thus "Our Jim" becomes duplicated. "We" shall give other flyers many a lively brush as "we" send the keen one along the road at a 2:15-or-die pace.

AT CHAUTAUQUA LAKE Courtney had his favorite boat sawed through. [Not at all, Jimmy; "sawed through" would make nonsense of it.] It will next be in order to crack his scull.

FOOTBALL must not be mixed up with handball—the games are altogether different.

WELL, isn't it time to say something about the next boom for the Astley belt?

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ABBOTT, Jacob.—An eminent author, best known by his works for juveniles. From 1825 to 1829 he was Professor of Mathematics in Amherst College, and from 1838 he had devoted his life to literary work—Farmington, Me., Oct. 31, aged 76.

ABERNETHY, John Jay.—Medical Director of the United States Navy—here, Oct. 27, aged 78.

BAILEY, Captain George W.—The commander of the United States revenue cutter Richard Rush, who was lost overboard during a strong gale about 300 miles west of the mouth of the Columbia River—Oct. 16, aged 48.

BEAUMONT, Dr. W. H.—A celebrated florist of Cleveland, O.—there, Oct. 31, aged 56.

BLACKWOOD, John.—A famous publisher of Edinburgh, Scotland, and editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*—Edinburgh, cable-dispatch dated Oct. 30, aged 61.

BUCKSTONE, John Baldwin.—A veteran English comedian and dramatist. (See Drama)—Sydenham, Eng., Oct. 31, aged 77.

BROWN, A. L.—A member of the Ohio Senate—Oct. 26.

BELSER, Charles.—The oldest German pioneer in Cincinnati, O., where he had settled fifty years ago as a music-teacher and organist. For many years he had abandoned his profession—Cincinnati, Nov. 1, aged 81.

BURNS, Colonel James.—An ex-member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, and at one time Canal Commissioner of that State—Harrisburg, Pa., Oct. 30.

CHANDLER, Zachariah.—Senator from Michigan, and one of the most conspicuous of Republican politicians. He was born in Bedford, N. H., Dec. 10, 1813, while a young man moved to Michigan, and engaged in the dry-goods and lumber business, accumulating a large fortune. He was elected Mayor of Detroit in 1857, but has been almost continuously in political life since. With the exception of two years time, Mr. Chandler has held prominent public positions in Washington, D. C., since 1857, when he was appointed by Governor Kinsley, of Michigan, to which he served eighteen years, going out of office in 1875, when he was appointed Secretary of the Interior. He was re-elected to the Senate again for the term ending March, 1881. He died in harness, as it were, having spoken on political matters to a large meeting in Chicago, Ill., Oct. 31, and having gone to the room of a friend to lie down on a bed at the Grand Pacific Hotel—Chicago, Nov. 1, aged 65.

CANFIELD, Moses B.—Formerly a prominent resident of Newark, N. J.—Chatham, N. J., Oct. 31, aged 74.

CARTER, James E.—Editor of *The Jefferson City Tribune*, and State Printer of Missouri. He was Mayor of Jefferson City, Mo., in 1877—there, Oct. 23, aged 38.

CAVANAUGH, Gervis W.—An ex-member of Congress from Minnesota, and Congressional Delegate from Montana in 1869-70—Denver, Col., Oct. 30.

CHILDS, Col. L. D.—Formerly a resident of Carlisle, Ind., of which he was the oldest resident. He was ostler for General Harrison, and was with him at the Battle of Tippecanoe—Carlisle, Oct. 29.

CHILDS, Col. L. D.—Formerly president of the Carolina National Bank—Columbia, S. C., Oct. 27.

CLARK, Alvan B.—Well known in Brooklyn political and legal circles, and a member of the law-firm of Webster & Craig, counsel for the Spanish Government—Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 27, aged 45.

COULTER, Captain A.—A ship-owner of Greenock, Scotland—here, Oct. 27.

DOE, Capt. Wm. R.—A sea-captain engaged in the Baltimore and Liverpool trade for over twenty years—Baltimore, Md., Oct. 27, aged 42.

DICKENS, Francis A.—Clerk of the United States Senate during the breaking-out of the Rebellion—Goochland County, Va., Oct. 27, aged 75.

DONOVAN, Winfield.—A centenarian—here, Oct. 31, aged 102.

EINHORN, Rev. David.—A prominent Hebrew rabbi and author, who had been connected with synagogues in Baltimore, Philadelphia and this city—here, Nov. 2, aged 72.

FREDERICK, Washington F.—Once County-treasurer of New Albany, O.—there, Oct. 29, aged 45.

FERGUSON, T. C. S.—President of the Lynchburg National Bank, and a leading tobacco-manufacturer of Lynchburg, Va.—there, Oct. 27.

HOOKER, Major-general Joseph—A gallant soldier, familiarly known as "Fighting Joe Hooker," who had served with distinction in three wars. He was born in Hadley, Mass., in 1815, and was originally intended for the ministry, but the idea was abandoned, and an appointment to the Military Academy was sought for and obtained. He was graduated from West Point in 1837, receiving a commission in the First Artillery, and seeing his first service in the field in the Florida War. Assigned to staff-duty during the Mexican War, he won three successive brevets for gallantry. At the close of the war he was assigned to the Pacific Division. In 1853 he resigned from the army and began farming near Sonoma. When the Rebellion broke out he was commissioned a brigadier-general of volunteers, and his brilliant record for bravery and daring earned for him a wonderful popularity—Garden City, L. I., Oct. 31, aged 64.

HAMILTON, James L.—A well-known resident of Baltimore, Md., where for about thirty years he had been engaged in preparing and selling a patent medicine bearing his name—there, Oct. 25, aged 68.

HARCOURT, Herbert S.—Editor of *The Michigan Democrat*—Rock Island, Ill., Oct. 30.

HANLEIN, John.—For a time a professional baseball-player—Chicago, Ill., Oct. 28.

HEWITT, Charles—A well-known citizen of Trenton, N. J., in 1812 he was elected to the State Senate of New Jersey, and at the time of his death was president of the Trenton Iron Company—Trenton, Nov. 2, aged 56.

KUHLER, Charles—A prominent citizen of Montgomery County, Pa., who had served in the Legislature of that State in 1842 and 1843. He was for sixteen years president of the Lutheran Publication Society of Philadelphia, had served as the public prosecutor in the famous murder of many private trusts—Ardmore, Pa., Oct. 28, aged 75.

LEE, Capt. A. Nisbet—United States officer in charge of the Louisville and Portland Canal—Louisville, Ky., Oct. 31, aged 36.

LEHON, Count Louis Xavier Leopold—A noted French diplomat—Paris, France (cable-dispatch dated Nov. 2), aged 48.

MORGAN, J. B.—Freight-agent for the Lehigh Valley Company at Pittston, Pa.—here, Nov. 2, aged 55.

MCCOY, William A.—One of the pioneers of Columbus, O.—there, Oct. 30, aged 67.

MORRIS, J. N.—One of the oldest and best-known citizens of Illinois, and an ex-Congressman from that State—Quincy, Ill., Oct. 29, aged 67.

MOSS, Dr. Gordon A.—A practicing physician of Reno, Ind., for thirty-seven years—there, Oct. 25.

MOORE, Charles—An old and well-known citizen of Philadelphia, Pa.—there, Oct. 28, aged 76.

MOLLERS, William—Well-known in musical circles in Philadelphia, Pa.—Washington, D. C., Oct. 29.

PATTERSON, Prof. Wm. W.—Leader of the Lafayette Band, a well-known musical organization of Baltimore, Md—there, Oct. 26, aged 27.

PECK, Darius—A prominent resident of Hudson, N. Y., and well known throughout New York State—Hudson, N. Y., Oct. 27, aged 77.

PECKHAM, William G.—A well-known resident of Newport, R. I.—here, Oct. 27.

PITTON, Anton—An aged and esteemed citizen of Cincinnati, O.—there, Oct. 26, aged 73.

PROCTER, John Jay—Professor of the Greek language and literature in Dartmouth College—Dartmouth, N. H., Oct. 27, aged 39.

PAUL, Sir John—One of the oldest residents of Harrisonburg, Va., and at one time well known in commercial circles—Washington, D. C., Oct. 29.

PODBIELSKI, Gen.—Formerly Inspector-general of Artillery in the German Army—Berlin, cable-dispatch dated Nov. 1, aged 65.

PARK, Irving—A member of the bar, well known in banking and real-estate circles in this city—here, recently, aged 63.

PREITUH, Benedict—Foun ler, editor and proprietor of *The New Jersey Freie Zeitung*, the leading German newspaper of New Jersey—Newark, N. J., Oct. 29, aged 52.

REYBAUD, Marie-Roche Louis—At one time a popular French author—Paris, France, cable-dispatch dated Oct. 31, aged 80.

ROE, William—A well-known real estate operator of Philadelphia—here, Oct. 31, aged 57.

SLADE, Levi A.—A prominent resident of Phœnix, Md.—there, O

A WALKING MATCH has been arranged to take place in Savannah, Ga., Nov. 14, for a purse of $250 between John Harkins and Thomas Tobias, 24 hours, square heel-and-toe, the man making the greatest number of miles to be declared the winner.

W. H. DUTCHER contended against the horse Judge Barnard in a twelve-mile race at Madalin, N. Y., Nov. 1, but after doing nine miles in 1h. 12m. he gave up. The horse accomplished the distance in 1h. 40m.

MRS. E. C. HOLSKE (Miss Annie Tweed) and Miss Maggie Rowell are announced to walk fifty miles at Bangor, Me., Nov. 19. Each is to give a specimen of his ability in Ellsworth, Me., on the 18th.

BLOOM'S handsome outfits for exhibitions and exercise, have called forth the complimentary notice from Chas. Rowell the pedestrian, published among our sporting advertisements.

JOHN KEEN and David Stanton were to have met for the first time in a level race of 100 miles, for a £50 belt and £50 cash, at Agricultural Hall, London, Eng., Oct. 22.

A 15-MILE WALK was announced to take place at Oldtown, Me., Nov. 1, between Ed. Holske and P. McNamara. Mrs. Holske was to have walked a mile in 9m. 45s.

THE STEVENS INSTITUTE TEAM will play a game of football with the Rutgers College representatives at Hoboken, N. J., this afternoon (election day), at 3 P. M.

JAMES MCLEAVY is requested to call or send for a letter addressed to him in our care.

JACK GOULDING has charge of Harry Armstrong in the walk at Newark this week.

AQUATIC.

HANLAN AND COURTNEY.

All hope of a race between these men—at least, this season—and for the six thousand dollar purse, may as well be given up. At the suggestion of Referee Blaikie, the champion drew up fresh articles and forwarded them to Courtney, who, however, declined to sign them because a clause had been inserted stipulating that the match should be play or pay, and that the money should be placed in the hands of the referee before the race, to be by him handed to the victor of a contest in which both men engaged, or to him who rowed over the course in case one of the principals failed to start. Hanlan's object in making this provision was to preclude the possibility of again having his trouble for nothing; but neither Courtney or the money put in appeared, and the articles and papers were returned unsigned. Upon their reception by Hanlan, a conference was held between the latter and his advisers, the result of which was a determination to cease negotiating for a race, and institute legal proceedings for the securing of the purse. This decision was made known in the following letter to Mr. Blaikie:

TORONTO, Oct. 31, 1879.

BLAIKIE—*Dear Sir*: Yesterday I received articles which I prepared and sent to Mr. Courtney according to your suggestion. I need hardly inform you that they were unsigned, as you have already been made aware of that fact. Under the circumstances I have no alternative but the ownership of the $6,000 in a court of law, without further delay. I am deeply obliged to you for your efforts to have this unfortunate affair settled in a satisfactory and honorable manner, and am only sorry that they have not been successful. I am, sir, yours truly,

EDWARD HANLAN.

The champion has not demanded anything that was unfair or unreasonable, but by indulging in vituperation he has not bettered his case any more than Courtney has his by objecting to the position of referee being again filled by a gentleman originally of his own choosing, who has had much experience, and is known to be conscientious and thoroughly competent.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE BOAT CLUB.

The Fall regatta of this club was held on the Harlem River, Nov. 1, when there was a sharp northwest wind and rough water to contend against. The first event was a single-scull race, one mile straight-away, between F. Draper and W. W. Russell, the former winning in 7m. 24s. This was followed by an eight-oared race, about a mile and a half straightaway, the crews competing being as follows: Bow, H. Taylor, A. D. Ledoux, L. Beers, D. A. Clarkson, G. Veil, H. Vansinderen, H. R. Miller, G. A. Painter (stroke), C. R. Leboutellier (coxswain). Sophomores—G. Bell, L. Miller, J. Purdan, W. A. Moan, D. Burrill, F. E. Webb, E. Livingston, H. B. Parsons (stroke), and B. B. Parsons (coxswain). Juniors—W. E. Eldridge, J. Bruner, J. Fisher, J. A. B. Cowles, E. Gannon, L. L. Delafield, S. Rossiter (stroke), F. White (cox). A good race between the Juniors and Sophs. resulted in a victory for the former by a length. Time, 5m. 10¾s. A four-oared race was next on the list, but the crew from the School of Mines did not appear, and F. Draper, E. Livingston, H. Miller and T. A. Painter, representing the college, rowed over the course in 5m. 53s. This was followed by a pair-oared race in gigs, one mile, which was won by H. R. Miller, jr., A. Painter and G. B. Parsons (cox.) defeating Chas. E. Eldridge, A. H. Vansinderen and C. Leboutellier (cox.) by three lengths in 6m. 18s. Vansinderen caught a crab a quarter of a mile from the goal.

COURTNEY AND BOYD.

We find the following anent this proposed match in *The Sporting Life* of Oct. 22: "The negotiations for a match between Charles E. Courtney and Robert W. Boyd are progressing. David Robertson of Newcastle-upon-Tyne is acting as the representative of Courtney and his backers, and the challenge issued on behalf of the American has been to row Boyd a match for £200 a side, over the Tyne championship course, or over a course in America, giving or taking reasonable expenses either way; and if Boyd did not accept the challenge, then Courtney was prepared to row any man in England on the same terms. Robertson has deposited £50 at *The Newcastle Journal* office on behalf of Courtney, and Chris'opher Barrass of Newcastle has expressed Boyd's willingness to agree to the challenge, and row on the Tyne, provided Courtney will accept £25 as expenses for coming to Tyneside on behalf of Courtney, Robertson has expressed the opinion that the proposal of Boyd to allow the American sculler only £25 expenses for rowing on the Tyne is not a fair allowance for the expensive journey Courtney would have to undertake, and that Courtney should be allowed Robertson asks for £50 expenses, which is the amount Courtney will allow Boyd if he will go out and row in America. If Boyd or his chief backer, Barrass, will agree to allow £50, the match will quickly be arranged."

FOUR-OARED RACE.

Of the races arranged to take place on the occasion of the Analostan-Potomac regatta at Washington, D. C., Oct. 31, only that between four-oared crews, in shells, took place, owing to high wind and rough water. The course was a mile and a half, straightaway, and the competing crews were: Potomac—Heavyweights: S. H. Wheeler (bow), R. W. Morgan, Ed. Derrick, T. L. Cropley (stroke); lightweights: W. H. Gibson (bow), N. Bestor, J. J. Zeigler, W. F. Roberts (stroke). Analostan—Heavyweights: J. R. Marshall (bow), E. S. Maunder, Parker Page, J. R. Myers (stroke); lightweights: McD. Douglass (bow), F. Whiting, John W. Carson, Richard Pairo (stroke). The Potomac heavies won by a length and a half from the Analostan heavies. Potomac light weights third and Analostans last. President Haves and other prominent persons witnessed the race from the deck of the Rescue, from the navy yard. During the evening there were social festivities at the boathouses of the two clubs.

ELLIOTT VS. BOYD AND HANLAN.—A cable-dispatch dated Nov. 1 says: "*The Sportsman* has received £50 each from Elliott and Boyd as a forfeit. Elliott still leaves £50 with *The Sportsman* for a match with Hanlan, as he has received no official notification of Hanlan's forfeiture of the championship. Elliott claims he ought to receive information direct from Hanlan as to whether he intends to meet him with the match during the next few days, as plenty of time has been allowed."

NOT POSTED.—A writer in *The Field* (London), in an editorial on "Professional Sculling," betrays his want of familiarity with the subject whereof he treats by speaking of Hamill as Robert instead of James, and the veteran Chris. Davis as Sadler. Mr. Brown could only just defeat William Sadler in a match after a good race, it is certain that he could not have beaten his elder brother." The truth about that race is, that Sadler, completely exhausted, stopped rowing 200 yards from home, and Brown went in an easy winner.

JOHN HIGGINS has settled down as mine host of the White Hart, High street, Shadwell, London, Eng.

THE RING.

BOXING IN ENGLAND.

A stubborn pugilistic encounter took place in the Birmingham district Oct. 14 between two noted boxers, who are best known to followers of the fistic art as Wharf and Fowker. They fought at catch-weight for a purse. Fowker scaled nearly 28lb. heavier than his opponent, and this made him a slight favorite in the betting. Wharf led off in the first round with a well-timed blow on the right eye, Fowker replying on the nose. Some sharp cross-countering ensued; but after five minutes had expired Wharf planted a terrific blow on Fowker's jaw, which drew the ruby, and sent the latter to earth. (First blood and first knock-down blow to Wharf.) In the second round, after they had sparred for wind, Fowker obtained a temporary advantage, but Wharf quickly recovered, and, letting out his left with terrific force, sent down Fowker in his corner. After this the little one had all the best of the fight, and at the end of the thirteenth round the backers of Fowker saw that their man was beaten, and threw up the sponge. Wharf sustained but little punishment, a damaged eye being the only disfigurement. Fowker, however, was considerably punished, as his right eye was completely closed, and his jaw and chest showed unmistakable signs of the handiwork of Wharf.

PETE DAILY of Portland, Me., and the Kelly Bros. of Boston gave a joint exhibition at Berryman's Hall, St. John, N. B., Oct. 28, when there were set-tos between Ed. McCafferty and Johnny Patch, Kelly Brothers, Pete Daily and John Healy and Tim Kelly and Daily, the last being the winding up bout. Charles Kelly and Johnny Patch also gave a double dance, Healy swung clubs, and Wm. Armstrong gave a scientific exhibition. Ton Keith-house, Chicago, Louisville, Cincinnati, Milwaukee and Cleveland were represented by amateurs, for amateurs, by Dr. Jones and Dr. Mahoney. Tickets were $2.50 each, and Deery was the referee.

JIMMY ELLIOTT and Mike Donovan intend giving an exhibition on a big scale at a hall in Boston, Mass., about Nov. 22, and have been promised the assistance of Paddy Ryan, Joe Goss, Johnny Clark, John Keenan and Arthur Mullen, and, besides them, there will be a great showing of local boxers.

PROF. FLYNN, the English boxer, was to have had a benefit at the Grecian Theatre, London, Oct. 20, 21, prior to his departure on Nov. 3 for Australia "to join his old friend Jim Mace."

JOHNNY LAZARUS will take a benefit at Harry Hill's Theatre on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 6, when good sport is promised. The wind-up will be between Lazarus and Warry Edwards.

"SPRING DICK" GOODWIN is still a resident of Buffalo, N. Y., and is announced to give an exhibition at Bradley's Hall, Black Rock, on Monday evening, Nov. 10.

THOMAS RUBGOYNE, who for the past forty-eight years had been a member of the Marylebone Club of London, Eng., and was its treasurer since the year 1866, died on Oct. 11, aged seventy-four.

BASEBALL.

AMATEUR CHAMPIONS OF KENTUCKY.

The Eclipse Club of Louisville, Ky., played thirty-three games during the past season, of which number twenty-two were won. Their victories included seven over the Red Stockings of Louisville, by the respective scores of 14 to 2, 14 to 3, 9 to 6, 4 to 3, 4 to 3, 3 to 2, and 2 to 1, and they were defeated five times by the same club by scores of 8 to 7, 9 to 7, 7 to 2, 14 to 10 and 4 to 0. The Eclipse also defeated the Deaf Mutes, by 7 to 2, 4 to 0 and 15 to 1; Mutuals, 16 to 8, 9 to 4, and 5 to 3; Mohawks, 7 to 1 and 8 to 6; Cincinnati Stars, 6 to 1; Columbia, 8 to 2; Mohawk Browns, 9 to 0; Covington Stars, 7 to 0; Brown Stockings, 9 to 3; Lexington Stars, 19 to 1; and Madison Stars, 19 to 3. They were beaten twice by the Mohawk Browns by scores of 5 to 4 and 5 to 2; Cincinnati Stars, 8 to 1 and 9 to 1; Mutuals, 7 to 5; and St. Louis Browns, 6 to 1. The Eclipse scored 238 to their opponents' 137 in these 33 games, and their individual record follows:

	Number of Games	Times at Bat	Total Base Hits	Average of Base Hits at Bat	Total Chances	Average of Chances Accepted	Batting Position	Fielding Position
Browning, 3d b	30	144	336	157	.873	1	6	
Reccius, p	31	136	342	255	.948	2	1	
Crotty, c	19	77	319	187	.969	3	1	
Dyler, l. f	31	57	399	21	.901	4	4	
Pfeffer, 2 b	27	122	.295	181	.895	5	5	
Zimraerman, r. f.	28	132	280	66	.842	6	7	
Pfeiffer, s. s	24	1 3	.254	96	.802	7	9	
Hinfuss, 1st b	23	94	222	252	.948	8	2	
Ruhl, c. f	24	106	144	28	.826	9	8	

THE GAME IN CALIFORNIA.

On Oct. 26 the Chicago and Cincinnati Clubs met for the first time since their arrival in San Francisco, Cal., at the Recreation Grounds, in the presence of a vast assemblage of spectators, there being at the lowest estimate 6,000 on the ground. The game proved to be close and interesting up to the eighth inning, although the batting was very weak, the Chicagos getting in but five hits up to that time, while the Cincinnatis had only one to their credit, signally failing to hit McCormick. In the eighth inning, with a score of 4 to 2 in their favor, the Chicagos went to the bat, and, after Gore had a life given him by Smith's wild throw, Carey made a fine hit to centre, and on two basers by McCormick and Quest, followed by Remsen's home-run, five runs were scored, four of which were earned. The Cincinnatis added two to their score in the ninth, and the Chicagos, being blanked, so ended a one-sided and not over-interesting game. The fielding of Force and Kelly was noticeably brilliant, the two errors of the latter in the first inning being overbalanced by fine play during the rest of the game.

CHICAGO.	T. R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Dalrmple, l f	5	1	2	2	0
Williamson, 3d b	5	1	0	2	1
Anson, 1st b	5	0	0	12	0
Gore, r. f	5	1	1	0	1
Carey, c. s. s	5	1	0	2	2
Flint, c	4	1	0	1	0
McCormick, p	4	2	2	0	5
Quest, c. f. b	4	2	1	2	0
Remsen, c. f	4	2	2	3	0
Totals	41	9	9	27	15

CINCINNATI.	T. R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hotaling, c. f	4	0	1	3	0
Kelly, 2d b	4	1	0	0	0
Rowe, l. f	4	1	0	0	0
McVey, 1st b	4	0	1	8	2
Purcell, r. f	4	0	2	0	1
Galvin, p	4	0	3	2	1
Smith, 3d b	4	0	1	0	1
Force, s. s	3	0	1	3	3
Totals	34	4	9	17	8

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Chicago	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	2	5	0—9
Cincinnati	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	2	—4

Earned runs—Chicago, 4. Home-run—Remsen. Two-base hits—Remsen, McCormick, Hotaling, Force. First base on error—Chicago, 5; Cincinnati, 3. Struck out—Chicago, 1; Cincinnati, 5. Wild pitch—Galvin. Passed balls—Flint, Clapp. Umpire, H. B. Phillips of Philadelphia. Time, 2h.

BOSTON vs. LOWELL.

On Oct. 31 the Bostons visited Lowell, and played a game with a strong picked nine. The weather was cold, and a strong wind favored the batsmen, and also interfered greatly with the fielding. Brown occupied his old position behind the bat for the Lowells, and Gilligan of the Cleveland caught for the Bostons. The Lowell nine were also assisted by Wright of the New Bedfords, Quinn of the Brocktons, and Driscoll of the Albanys. Brilliant plays and terrible errors followed in quick succession, and kept the small number of spectators in good humor. Force made the only home-run, while Bond was quite effective. The score follows:

BOSTON.	T. R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Burdock, 2d b	6	3	5	3	0
Gilligan, c	6	1	4	4	2
Morrill, 1b	6	1	5	6	0
Sutton, 3d b	6	3	3	3	2
Quinn, c. f	6	2	1	0	0
Wright, s. s	5	2	2	0	1
Bond, p	5	0	3	0	4
Crane, l. f	5	0	2	1	0
Driscoll, a. s	5	2	1	1	0
Totals	50	17	25	21	9

LOWELL.	T. R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Foley, p	4	0	0	3	0
Whitely, 3b	4	2	1	2	3
Brown, c	4	1	7	3	1
Stoughton, r. f	4	1	2	0	0
Whitney, l. f	4	0	0	1	0
Whitney, 1b	4	0	0	0	2
McGlynn, ss	3	0	0	0	2
Bond, 1st b	3	0	1	4	0
Totals	33	5	7	21	11

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Boston	4	4	2	3	0	0	3	1	0—17
Lowell	2	2	0	0	0	1	0	0	0—5

Umpire, Horace Grover.

A COLLEGE ASSOCIATION.

The time is approaching for the baseball clubs of the colleges to take up the question of organizing a National Association of College-players. The clubs of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Brown, Amherst, Dartmouth, etc., have been too long without some controlling organization—one which would not only make laws for the college championship arena, but for all the amateur clubs throughout the country. Several years ago we talked with the late Mr. Archibald M. Bush, then of the Harvard Club, on the subject, and more recently we communicated with Mr. Thayer of the Harvard Club in regard to the college clubs making laws for the amateur fraternity. But both these gentlemen, though favoring the idea of a College Association, were reluctant to practically carry out the plan, owing to a fear of clashing with the rules of the then existing National Amateur Association. But now that there is no such organization in existence, it becomes important that some organization should take its place, and a National Association of College clubs alone can do it..... When baseball was in its infancy, as was stated in the first decade from the inauguration of the old National Association in 1857, it was possible to have nearly every leading amateur club in the country represented by delegates in the annual conventions of the Association. But now, universally as the game of baseball is, such a representative organization is practically impossible. Therefore, unless the leading class of the amateur fraternity step in and undertake to do the work previously devolving upon the old National Association, and afterwards attempted to be done by the Amateur Association, which followed it, the amateurs will be without any authorized legislative power to control their clubs or make playing rules for them. The College club-players are now the leading exemplars of amateur play. They are fully competent to frame suitable playing rules for the entire amateur fraternity; and aside from the necessity which exists for a National League organization to govern their own clubs as a class, and to make laws for the college championship series of games, it becomes their duty to take upon themselves the legislative responsibility of governing the entire amateur class. The professionals have their National Association and their professional League, and it is high time that the amateurs had their National Association; and it is only through the medium of a National College Association that they can have one. The sooner the clubs of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, etc., start the matter the better.

A NEW LEAGUE.

There is a strong desire in the Eastern States and the Atlantic border cities to organize an Eastern League for 1880 in opposition to the Chicago Western League. It is argued by those favoring the scheme in question that the expensive western tours, which last season ea' up the profits of the games resulting from the visits out there, would thereby be avoided, and, moreover, that the close of the regular season of the two Leagues—Western and Eastern—a series of profitable contests might be arranged for the United States championship between the two nines having the lead in their respective sections. The Boston people favor such a plan, and would like to see Mr. Soden of their club made president of it. There would be two lines of tours comprised in the proposed League, viz., one from Boston through Worcester, Springfield, Hartford, New Haven—with Yale College team—to Jersey City, Princeton—with college—to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. The other would be from Providence through to Troy, Albany, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester and Buffalo. Such a League, run at the twenty-five cents general admission tariff, ought certainly be a paying institution. The existing League is practically a Western organization, and it could be run as such with the membership of clubs from Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland and other Western cities. Neither would interfere with the existence of the National Association, which, necessarily, must in time become what its name imports—the national professional association of the country.

LATER BASEBALL NOTES.

George W. Bradley has been engaged by the Providence Club as their change-pitcher for 1880. In the days of Mathews, Bradley, prior to 1874, had been playing third base for amateur nines in Philadelphia, but in that year he, meteor-like, flashed into prominence as the pitcher of the Eastons. He afterwards pitched with great success for the St. Louis Browns in 1875 and 1876, and has since been professionally engaged by the Chicago, New Bedford and Troy Clubs. He is a good general player, and under Wright's guidance will strengthen the League champions.....Five Philadelphians form a moiety of the Worcester (Mass.) team.....The stockholders of the Nationals of Washington, D. C., held their annual meeting on Oct. 27, and elected the following officers: President, Colonel J. A. Rockwell; vice-presidents, Charles E. White and Charles H. Brown; secretary, J. Y. Potts; treasurer, H. B. Bennett; directors—R. C. Hewitt, M. B. Scanlon and Robert Drinkard. The nine for next season will be as follows: Lynch, pitcher; Snyder, catcher; Prott or Latham, first base; Gerhardt, and Warner on the bases; McClellan, short-stop; Dignan, Baker and Derby in the outfield; and either Latham or Prott as tenth man. The new additions to the nine are Fred Warner of this year's Clevelands, and Stephen Dignan, late of an amateur nine of Stoneham, Mass. Warner formerly played third-base, and his throwing was then described as "chain-lightning." Dignan is said to be a very good batsman and fine outfielder. Lynch, the pitcher of the above nine, returned to his home in this city on Nov. 3. The directors are looking for a manager, and the choice lies between J. C. Chapman of Brooklyn, N. Y., and J. H. Gifford of Columbus, O.....The Freedom Club claim the amateur championship of Chicago, Ill., having won twenty-three out of the twenty-five games played with the strongest amateur nines of that city and vicinity.....Radbourne, right-fielder and change-pitcher of this year's Dubuques, and Sullivan, the catcher of the same team, are wanted by the Buffalos for 1880, who, if they secure them, will be well supplied with pitchers and catchers, they each.....Andy Leonard remains in California, where he will most likely play next season.....It is said that the place of holding the annual League meeting has been changed from Cincinnati to Niagara Falls.....The telegraph gives the following from San Francisco, Cal.: The Cincinnatis defeated the Chicagos on Nov. 1 and 2 by scores of 12 to 5 and 5 to 1.....Secretary Blackburn of the Cincinnati Stars is on a tour East endeavoring to secure a nine for next season.....According to the League "official" figures, the best fielding in the different positions was by the following men: Pitcher, McGunnigle; catcher, Flint; first base, Anson; second base, Quest; third base, McGeary; short stop, Wright; left field, Jones; centre field, Eggler; right field, McGunnigle. The "official" figures also give Anson the credit of making the best batting-average with a percentage of .407 base-hits, which is evidently a mistake, as, according to the averages carefully, compiled by a thoroughly competent and impartial gentleman, that batsman's percentage is but .318, and he is surpassed in batting by Hines J. Wolfe, John and James O'Rourke, Kelly and Gross. The "official" figures in regard to the fielding also vary greatly from those recently published by us, the difference being decidedly in favor of the Chicagos, Flint, Anson and Quest of that organization being really surpassed respectively by Snyder, Start and Burdock.....McGunnigle, the popular right fielder and change-pitcher of the Buffalos, has leased the baseball headquarters on Franklin near Erie street, Buffalo, N. Y., and will keep the leading sporting papers on file there.

WE HAVE A LETTER for W. Walker.

THE TURF.

THE FASTEST TROTTING RECORD.

We last week made mention of the telegraphic announcement that the bay gelding St. Julien had trotted a mile in the unequaled time of 2:12¾ at Oakland, Cal., Oct. 25. The wording of the dispatch left it to be inferred that it was done in an exhibition trot, nothing of value depending upon the issue, and that the time did not constitute a record. Advices by mail, however, bring the information that the performance was accomplished in a trot against Rarus' time, for a consideration, and consequently the time made forms a record. We take the appended account from *The San Francisco Call*:

The great event of the day was the attempt of St. Julien, with running mate, to beat the best trotting record, for a purse of $800. The track was in a very favorable condition for fast time. After a short delay, St. Julien passed through the gate and proceeded leisurely down the track to take a little preparatory exercise previous to the trial in two dashes to eclipse 2:13¾, the record of Rarus, the king of the trotting turf. The horse looked wonderfully fit and strong, and moved with such ease and freedom that those who had seen him make a mile at Stockton, and do even faster time at San Jose were confident that he would lower that record, but were too skeptical to imagine that the name of St. Julien would be flashed last night all through the land with 2:12¾ to his credit. There was no betting on the event, but bets were freely offered at $20 to $25 that, not even in honor of the presence of General Grant, would the record of Rarus be beaten. At the second attempt the bay gelding, disdaining the aid of the running mate, came down to the score at a grand swinging gait, and, flickok nodding assent, the bell sounded, and St. Julien sped along on his first trial, and hundreds of watches were sent clicking to beat time with his own miniature weapons. General Grant stood in the corner of the grand-stand nearest the distance pole, and followed with an intense gaze the fleeting animal as he passed around the lower turn, and when he reached the quarter mile in 33 seconds, or at a 2:12 gait, there was a perceptible movement of surprise that was intensified as the noble horse still increased his stride and reached the half in 1:06½, or the second quarter at the rate of 2:09. There was a subdued murmur, and the spectators became seemingly imbued with the idea of witnessing a grand performance as he passed the three-quarter pole and reached the three quarter pole in 1:40, or the third quarter at the rate of 2:19, but when well into the homestretch he again increased his speed to a 2:08 gait, and came home along with a magnificent stride, and passed under the wire in the unprecedented time of 2:12¾, without the slightest skip or break, the last quarter being made at the superb gait of 2:11 to the mile. Of all the spectators of the feat, no one showed himself more interested than General Grant, who, at every step of the way, especially on the homestretch, puffing his cigar vigorously as the match between horse and time reached its conclusion; and when the record was pronounced correct beyond a doubt, he arose from his seat, and, by the hand, congratulating the managers of the Golden Gate Association on the honor achieved by it of having, through its track, made the record on their track. The declaration of the record was received with great applause, in which the General joined heartily, and the enthusiasm of the multitude of liver were received with rousing cheers as the latter returned to dismount and to show by the scales one pound overweight. Gen. Grant was so delighted with the achievement that he walked around to St. Julien's stables between the heats of the 2:29 trot to look the horse over and to congratulate Mr. Hickok. St. Julien appeared none the worse for his undertaking, save a slight skin abrasion on his boot on the off hind-leg, and this was mainly the cause that with another boot that did not fit well he could not make as good time as he was capable of, as he was also made without a skip or break in 33½ to the quarter, 1:06⅔ to the half, and 2:15½ to the mile, amid immense applause.

St. Julien is by Volunteer, his dam being by Sayres' Harry Clay. He is a handsome bay, with a near hind-foot white and a slight star in the forehead. He is 15¾ hands high, with strong, well-moulded limbs, fine sound as a dollar, and weighs 1,100 lbs. He was driven in a new shoe, supplied by O'Dunnigan & O'Dea, weighing fifteen ounces forward and six behind. He was foaled in 1869, and at the age of four years was purchased by James Galway of Goshen, N. Y., for $600. In the fall of 1874 he was taken by Mr. Sayers, and trotted him to a sleigh during the following Winter. In the Summer of 1875 he won two races each at Poughkeepsie, Hartford and Springfield, getting down to 2:22¾ at the latter place. He attracted the attention of Hickok, who purchased him for $2,500, and sold him to Stoughton of Boston, Mass., her ballet-troupe remaining one week longer; Hugh Hagerty, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Alice Martyne, to Tivoli Garden and Legab and Saboni, new variety people in the city. Billed for Nov. 3: Nellie Abbott, Jessie Merton, Tom Harper, Thomas O. Davis, Young Ajax, and James Hearne.....At Tivoli Garden, the fresh attractions Oct. 27 were Wardell and Diablo, Millie Marenta, Nellie Ammon and Lizzie Haywood, and Ben Edson disappointing. Closed Nov. 1: Wardell and Diablo and Lizzie Haywood, New York; Millie Marenta, Jersey City; Florence May, Baltimore; and Sheehan and McGlone, Schwed's. To open 3: Nora Campbell, Alice Martyne, the Morrissey Maud and Tom), Ada Duroc and Harry Hall.....At the Atlantic Garden, the new faces were Mabel Gray, Billy Maloney and Stansill and Ryan, Edith Irving disappointing. Departures Nov. 1: Mabel Gray and Billy Maloney, to Schwed's; Alice Evans and Belle Gunning, Springfield, Mass.; Walters and Little Bopeep of the Morosco Family, to New York. To open Nov. 3: Byron and Wilson and Hattie La Clair.....The only arrival at Schwed's Garden Oct. 27 was Ida Castleton, Nellie Vincent failing to appear. Departures Nov. 1: Harry Hall, to Sam Sarah's Varieties, Springfield, Mass., as stage-manager; the Carrolls, Jersey City; Lynch and Rand, Springfield, Mass. To open 3: Billy Maloney as stage-manager, Mabel Gray and Sheehan and McGlone.

AT CRONE'S GARDEN THEATRE, Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 27, "Around the World in Wanderer" was produced by the stock company, and continued during the week to fair business. Our correspondent remarks: "The piece proved to be John A. Stevens' 'Unknown' in its entirety. Preceding the drama, Georgia Livingstone sang a ballad, John P. Carroll gave his comic eccentricities, May Carroll sang serio-comic songs, the Lynn Sisters—Lottie and Gertie—sang and danced charmingly, and Dr. Warner exhibited the Wild Men of Borneo. Specialties all closed: Lynn Sisters, to Fort Wayne, and Dr. Warner, to Cincinnati. New Nov. 3: Charles E. Emmett (who will be the last dramatic star of the present season), Sam Dearin, Morris and Green, Annie and May Campbell.

THE BILL at Front-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., the past week, embraced the Rixford Brothers, Courtland Sisters, R. G. Allen, Kitty O'Neil, John and Harry Kernell and the Ben Cotton Combination, including Mr. and Mrs. Cotton and Idaline Cotton, in a sketch entitled "Faithful Bob." Departures Nov. 1: Rixford Brothers, to Washington, and Kitty O'Neil, Courtland Sisters, Kernells and Cottons, to New York. To arrive 3: Devlin and Tracy, the Brazziers, Prof. and Baby Bindley, Harry Watson, Violet Jackson (her first appearance in this country), and Frank Bond.....At the Central, the new faces were Prof. Campbell, the Grinnells, Ben Jackson and Chas. Reynolds (wrestlers), Blanche Austin and Geo. C. Charles in "The Bewitched Band."..... Business fair. Jackson and Reynolds and Prof. Campbell close, destination unknown; Geo. Charles remains the rest of the season in the stock-company. To open 3: Wood and West, Jessie Warner, Clara Moore and Zoe in the drama of "Nita."..... The arrivals at the Odeon were Dan Maccon, the Minnie Rainforth and Ned Campbell. Closing: Ritta Kellar, to Philadelphia; Marie and Geo. Nelson, Washington; Searles Brothers, Wilmington, Del. To open 3: Hines and Blossom, Annie Hall, Millie Lafont and Florence May.....At the Theatre Comique, Newark, N. J., Marie Zoe in "The French Spy" proved the strongest dramatic attraction yet presented this season. Harry Clifton's impersonation of Mohamed was effective. The olio was strong. Minnie Gough (her first appearance in this country), E. C. Dunbar, and the Tudors were applauded for their encores. Departures: Marie Zoe, to Baltimore; the Tudors and Little Lillie and Bertha Eschert, to New York; Prot. Pilliare and Mlle. Georgia, Brooklyn. To arrive Nov. 3: Lester Howard and Lizzie Hunter, Pell and Lewis, Thompson and Carlisle, Mardell Bros. and Nellie St. John.

AT LONG'S GAIETY THEATRE, Danville, Ill., the arrivals Oct. 27 were Eugene and Minnie Carlzwartz, and Thomas and Lottie Winnett.

AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE, Terre Haute, Ind., the departures Nov. 1 were Pesaly and Bannetta, to Allen's Theatre, Illinois and Annie Campbell, to Indianapolis; Charles H. Duncan. Miss Rose Mc Call, J. P. Carell and May Carell open Nov. 3.

AT SMITH'S OPERA-HOUSE, Grand Rapids, Mich., Jas. Goodwin, Blanche Stetson, Allie Elliott and Add Sharpley were the new faces Oct. 27. Departures Nov. 1: Virginia Trio and Viola Wray, Kansas City, Mo. Billed for 3: J. A. Hill, Homer and Holly, Bob Milligan, Ada Adair and Lotta Forrest. John Brace, who closed 25, was presented by his friends with a diamond-pin. He went to Fort Wayne.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Richmond, Va., the Bordeaux Sisters reappeared Oct. 27, as did Emma Minnetta, an old favorite, who met with a warm reception. The city being crowded with strangers visiting the State Fair, the hall was filled to overflowing at night. Departures Nov. 1: B. Smith, to Danville; W. Gray, Frankie Bigelow and Pedanto, Baltimore; H. T. Howard, South. To open 3: Kate Monroe, J. W. Davidson and A. Chrissie.

THE DAYTONS—Tommy and Annie—society sketch-artists, open at Tony Pastor's Theatre, this city, Nov. 10. They publish their dates ahead in another column.

PERFORMERS can obtain engagements at the American Theatre. See card.

In looking over an old file of programmes on my arrival home, it carried me back to the palmy days of San Francisco. It was in the Fall of '57, when quite a number of the minstrel boys were idle, waiting for a mining snap—or, in other words, a new discovery. In those days we had no "Mastodon 40," or "Megatherian Minstrels," "Leviathan Combinations," "Megalonyx Constellations," or the "Dinotherian Gigantean Serenaders," but the plain, legitimate "California Minstrels," who numbered six; and, as I said, I was waiting for something to turn up, when James Robinson (cannon-ball Jim of circus no'oriety, and who at that time was not troubled with many ducats) came to me and said:

"Frank, Old Grizzly Adams has given me the total receipts of his menagerie, any evening, for a benefit, and I want you and some of the boys to help me out."

"All right," I said; "I will get the boys together, and play and work up your ben."

The city was billed, and a big house greeted Robinson. Old Adams was in his glory, the volunteers appeared one after another, Grizzly Adams performed with his bears, and now came my turn to sing and dance "Old Bob Ridley." The music played, and I had only sung three or four notes when the big grizzly bear set up a roar; then the Australian cockatoo commenced singing; old Adams tried to quiet the grizzly that set the others going, but the louder I sang the louder was the animal chorus, until every monkey, bird and bear in the menagerie was howling, the people laughing, and you could hear the full band blocks away. I left the stage in disgust, took a cab, went to my rooms uptown to dress, only to be saluted in the streets with: "How's the bear chorus?" or "How's the monk?" "How are you, *Ridley?*" Meeting old Adams a few days after, he said:

"Frank, my boy, that was the best show I ever had" (I couldn't see the joke); "I would like to engage you for four or six weeks."

"Why, Adams," I said, "I would not perform in the place again if you were to give me the whole menagerie."

"Well," said Adams, with a leer, "you might come in and learn my animals the rest of 'Bob Ridley!'"

THERE WAS a church fair in Silver City, Nev., and a wag put an advertisement in the local newspaper that hugs would be sold as follows: "Ten cents to hug any young lady between 15 and 20; five cents for young ladies between 20 and 30; one dollar to hug another man's wife; old maids, two for a cent; all females of the woman's-right persuasion are free. Inquiries for the hugging booth were numerous.

BOB RIDLEY AT GRIZZLY ADAMS' MENAGERIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY FRANK HUSSEY.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

VARIETY HALLS.

Continued from page 253.

In Memory.

TO THE PARENTS OF MY DEAR AND DEPARTED FRIEND JOHNNY SHAY.

BY TONY WILLIAMS.

There was a time when death was not,
When all was joy and peace,
When friends were gathered with their friends,
When each seemed at his ease.

But what a change has crossed our path!
What darkness fills the hour!
On every side this monster Death
Is showing us his power.

The family of my dearest friend
Has been invaded sore;
Their son in death has closed his eyes,
To ope' them here no more.

But on the other side the stream,
When death shall be no more,
Your dear lost son shall meet the group
He mingled with before.

Parents, fond parents, thy son but sleeps,
He rests in His safe care;
Nothing can harm his peaceful sleep,
So dry thy falling tear.

Keep close to Christ, your son's dear friend

THIS MAN JONES.

This man Jones was what you'd call
A feller as hed no sand at all;
Kind o' nonsumpted, and undersize,
And sailor-complected, with big, sad eyes,
And a-kind-of-a-sort-of-a hang-dog style,
And a-sneakin'-sort-of-a half-way smile
That kind o' give him away to us
As a preacher, maybe, or somepin' wuss.

Didn't take with the gang? Well, no—
But still we managed to use him, though—
Coddlin' the gilley along the route,
And drivin' the stakes that he pulled out;
For I was one of the bosses then,
And of course stood in with the canvasmen—
And of course stood in with the canvasmen—
And the way we put up jobs, you know,
On this man Jones jes' beat the show!

Used to rattle him scandalous,
And keep the feller a-dodgin' us,
And a shyin' round 'jes skeered to death,
And afeerd to whimper above his breath;
Give him a cussin', and then a kick,
And then a-kind-of-a back-hand lick—
Jes' for the fun of seein' him climb
Around with a head on half the time.

But what was the curiosst thing to me,
Was along o' the party—let me see—
Who was our "Lion Queen" last year?
Mamzelle Zanty or De La Pierre?
Well, no matter! a stunnin' mash,
With a red-ripe lip, and a long eyelash,
And a figure sich as the angels wears—
And one too many for this man Jones.

He'd always wake in the afternoon
As the band waltzed in on the lion tune,
And thar, from the time that she'd go in
Till she'd back out of the cage agin
He'd stand shaky and limber-kneed—
'Specially when she come to "feed
The beasts raw meat with her naked hand,"
And all that business, you understand.

And it *was* resky in that den—
For I think she juggled three cube then,
And a big "green" lion as used to smash
Collar-bones for old Frank Nash;
And I reckon now she haint forgot
The afternoon old "Nero" sot
His paws on *her*—but, as for me,
It's a-sort-of-a mixed up mystery.

Kind-o' remember an awful roar,
And see her back for the bolted door—
See the cage rock—heerd her call
"God have mercy!" and that was all—
For thar haint no livin' man can tell
What's it's like when a thousand yell
In female tones, and a thousand more
Howl in bass till their throats is sore.

But the keeper said as dragged her out,
They heerd some feller laugh and shout:
"Save her! Quick! I've got the cuss!"
And yit she waked and smiled on *us*—
And we daren't flinch, for the doctor said,
Seein' as this man Jones was dead,
Better to jes' not let her know
Nothin' o' that ior a week or so.

JOHN C. WALKER in *The Kokomo Tribune*.

THE MYSTIC TIE:

ERROL VAL'-DARE AND THE BEAUTIFUL ACTRESS;

OR, A NAME FOR A LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A WIFE'S HONOR," "A STRANGE RETRIBUTION," ETC.

CHAPTER LII.—THAT NIGHT.

Up the wide stairway, and dispersing in the corridors in their several departments, went the family that night, Falconer leaning on Val'-Dare's strong arm, Coral with them, for the two suites of rooms were opposite.

At the open door of his dressing-room Wilfred paused to bid her good-night, saying, smilingly, that Errol should come to her directly.

She turned quietly away, suffered the two men to pass on, hesitated, turned back, and, as Wilfred sank into a voluminous easy-chair by the fire, followed them in hurriedly, and was kneeling at his feet.

"Why, Coral, my dear? What is this?"

"O Will! forgive me. I cannot rest until you know all—until you forgive me."

Wilfred's blue eyes went wonderingly to Errol, then down on her, and he passed his arm about her.

"Forgive you, my child? What for?"

"What for? Because all these miserable months since 'Clancarty' I have acted to you, deceived you, cruelly tortured your love; but, oh, it was all for your own sake, Will—because I would not involve anyone's conscience or honor in what I was doing. Mak' him believe that, Errol."

"Faith, darling wife, I think he hardly needs my word," said Errol, tenderly touching the beautiful head that Wilfred had drawn against his shoulder.

"That you acted," Wilfred said, "that you puzzled, tortured me with awful fear and doubt, my child, for the wrong and dire trouble you often so implied, though once almost contradicted—that you wronged my very heart, I cannot deny; but that you deceived me, never entirely—never at all—in that point after that dear, wild, reckless Errol of yours came, and I learned to read and love him for myself, and for your sake. For, beginning with 'Clancarty,' and watching both, I grew presently to feel—not think now—that you had known each other before, and that your lover, therefore, was not dead. Before that," said Wilfred softly, and stretching out his other hand to Val'-Dare, "it was possible to fear, to think that you had been wronged, deceived; but when I knew Errol, and felt so sure that he was honored by the love of whom you had spoken, I knew surely that, whatever his errors and faults had been, he could not wrong any woman. And from the moment he avowed a secret marriage, and you at once denied it, the whole mystery was plain to me, or nearly all, as clearly as he did, and understood your fierce hatred of Rochester. I saw your end, and the wisdom of playing it out yourself alone, but I played into your hands as much as possible. No one, I think, actually believed you—even to shrewd Pearson; but if we had, if it had been true, darling, we should never have abandoned you. For who is so sinless as to cast the first stone?"

"Wilfred! Wilfred! I would to Heaven I were like you!" Errol broke out suddenly and passionately. "I did wrong her. Hush, Coral—it is true; and but for the wrong I did her in that secret marriage all that came of it had been spared, for I took her to that cottage and left her there, to go on and tell my uncle all."

"But if you asked it, my husband, I consented," said Coral under her breath. "And it was so young and loved and you so that it would have been hard to part for perhaps years, I knew why you asked it, and that you were right and knew best."

He turned aside, covering his face. She went on:

"It is all this I wished you to know, Wilfred—you who, after my husband, I love best on earth. You know from what was said to-day of the great love there was between these two—the dead man and Errol—so great that only that made my ambitious Errol delay in going openly and at once on the stage, for this old man's fierce prejudice against anything theatrical was the one apple of discord between them. Consent to our marriage he never would have done—the thought of it would have wellnigh broken his heart; but—and you know there are people like that—once the marriage done irrevocably and kept secret for a while, Errol knew well he would gradually grow at least to endure, and, of course"—she smiled and colored a little now—"as women like, he deemed *his* love as powerful over all hearts as he was in his."

"And I don't think he was far wrong, dear," said Will lightly, kissing the pure brow, and then looking up at Val'-Dare. "What more confession am I to hear, or is the worst said?"

"Yes, Will, the worst. But from the moment Errol sent me that fatal letter at the Vale Cottage, telling me the truth, and that because I was his wife the law sealed my lips, my plan was fixed, my resolution taken, to be acted out the moment the priest and witnesses were dead or were old and infirm. You remember of your father reading of the removal of the vicar of Llancaer to London, and of the fall of the old vestry-wall, and my supposed journey to see Lemaire. Well, it was then I took the first step, and, disguised as a lad, went there and abstracted the register so deftly that it baffled all detection. That first night of 'Macbeth,' too, do you remember hearing that my carriage nearly ran over an old gentleman?"

"Yes," both men answered quickly.

"That was the priest; and soon afterwards I saw his death announced."

"That Saturday morning?" said Wilfred hastily. "Was it that you read and cut out?"

She looked him full in the face, and answered: "Yes, Will. Now, can you forgive your poor, wicked Coral?"

He drew her close and kissed her soft, color-less cheek, then dropped his arm.

"There, take her away, Errol, and let her rest where surely not even a dream of danger can haunt her sleep—on her husband's breast."

And so at last that weary, long, strange day ended for her—resting in dreamless sleep with her husband's arm around her and her young face pillowed on his bosom.

CHAPTER LIII.

HOW CORAL VAL'-DARE WAS AVENGED.

Turn briefly to another, darker picture. Look on that once—ah, and so lately—fair and debonnaire form, that quivering, livid, panic-stricken man, who stands now panting and hunted-eyed before that woman who is not his wife, but still, poor thing, has cared for him in her darkened way, and been, after all, more true than he deserved, even at such poor, soiled hands as hers.

She had been in the crowd to-day and heard all, seen all now in his dreadful face, and signs of hurried flight that lie about, and she shrinks back with almost a shriek as he offers to advance a step.

"Stop there, Claude! There is blood on your head, and you have tried to hunt down an innocent man for your crime. I'm bad enough, and God knows I am, but I'm not that point after that devilish enough, Heaven knows, but not so bad as to stay one more hour under your roof—not so fallen as to live an hour with a murderer and false accuser. You *are* guilty! You dare not deny it! Let me go out without touching you. Stand aside!"

"May! May! would *you* betray me?" The quailing, craven lips, the chattering teeth, the swollen tongue, could hardly form the words. "I—I'll take you abroad, May, and—and marry you."

"Marry *you!*" said the woman, with a passionate movement of her foot, as if she would spurn him. "I am not Edward Vane, to hunt and betray kith or the man I've cared for without my lips being sealed the way La Coral's were. Go abroad, where those you've wronged will never see you, and be sure that never one of them will call such disgrace on their proud name as to follow you—they'd scorn it, as I would to marry a cowardly, midnight murderer."

He shrank cowering back now, as she moved, and cried out in such a piteous, frantic way that it might have touched her if it had not been so craven—the fall had not been so utter.

"May! May! it was not murder! Tell them that when I am gone. I did not mean exactly to—to kill him! I swear I did not! I asked him for money, for I was hard pressed, and we had desperate words when he refused, as they said—yes, he did say Errol, but it was Edward he meant—and then I pushed him in—in—down into the cold, black waters, and fled—as I will now. Tell Errol that. Only they knew, they guessed, I did it, from the 'kerchief, curse it! and she let me see she knew it—afterwards. Tell her this, **May**," the man added, with a savage, sudden ferocity that appalled her, "that if only for that, for the blow her husband gave me—if only for the way she once almost acted over the old man's death—if only for the way she acted Lady Macbeth to me—I would drag her down, down, if I could, to the very scorn of the lowest of her sex!"

"You foul reptile!" said the woman, and, with one step forward, struck him full in the face with her open hand, so well that he lost his balance, and she left him in his degradation, lying there alone where he fell backwards, backwards.

* * * * * *

Society had enough to talk about and do between Wednesday and the Saturday night. Happy, thrice happy those who had seen the old-new great actor—Redfern called him—play Clancarty at Briarly. Of course anyone could see what a genius and experienced actor the man was.

"And so handsome, my dear. He'll be divine as Prince De Rohan—splendid part—so exactly suits him!"

This lady's theology was certainly a little out of order, but that was a small matter.

"Just imagine," said the Duchess of Bradsmere, "that dear girl La Coral being married all these years and nobody ever suspecting it. I always thought it very odd her refusing the Earl of What-Do-Ye-Call-It and others, and I always thought that there was some little romance at the bottom of it—that ring, too!"

"Oh, of course, my dear Duchess," returned Lady Fanny Tatler. "And have you seen the advertisements? They've altered it, see," taking up a paper and reading: "'Parthenon'—here it is—'Prince De Rohan, Mr. Errol Val'-Dare; Princess De Rohan, Madam Coral Val'-Dare!'"

"Quite right of him!" declares the Duchess emphatically. "And after the scandal all the world knows that it is the beautiful De l'Orme. Have you called yet?"

"I left a card at Falconer House, of course, my dear. Everyone has, you know."

Everyone, indeed—"if that scamp Errol was to be believed," as the Marquis said. For, on Saturday evening, as he was putting the actress into the carriage, he declared that ten men could not have carried the cards.

"And don't leave late," he added laughingly as he stepped in, "for the crowd will be dense and the carriage will have a long job. Now, dear old Pengarth, up on the box."

For they had kept their faithful friend in town to have the inexpressible delight of seeing them act together, and had secured him a safe corner, taking him down with them.

"And, my dear," said the boatmaster, smiling benignly down on the beautiful young face he had just seen under so dark a cloud, "this is just all it should be, saint i' To see my Miss Coral at her husband's side before 'em all, and hear 'em call her Mrs. Val'-Dare, which is her right name, and never no other."

"They must even," said Errol, as they drove off, "alter the old name to beautiful Val'-Dare."

"Perhaps they won't," said Coral, smiling. "The public are obstinate, Errol—"

"Well, sweetheart?"

"I saw May Sellier this afternoon," said his wife. "She came to tell me what had passed after the trial."

"Tell me, then."

So she told him all.

"And this morning," she added, "he sailed for New York. May Sellier we will get placed in the Parthenon. Poor girl! She did her best to save you; and if she has a friend to look to, she may be induced to live a respectable life."

"I wish," said Errol, drawing her to him, "that more women were like my Coral, and more men like our Will."

But the carriage had reached the outskirts of the dense crowd, which spread away far from the theatre, and broke into vociferous cheers as some of them recognized the well-known carriage. What the rush had been when the doors were opened those who were in it knew best; but those who had the good fortune to be inside the Parthenon that first night of Val'-Dare's reappearance never forgot the crowd or scene.

"It was splendid!" declared Mr. Lemaire afterwards, and Redfern privately told Falconer that he nearly made a "fool of himself" to see the way the audience received the actress and actor who the world has now followed for years, swinging up the lawn so lightly, with that laughing, bonnie, bare-footed boy on his shoulder?

"There you are, young Wilfred," says handsome Errol, swinging his little son down into Wilfred's outstretched arms. "Tell Will and the darling mother that we've been paddling in the pools by the rocks."

"And left the tiny socks and shoes behind, I suspect, you wicked Errol," says his young wife, shaking her beautiful head.

"Faith, sweetheart, and so I have—*mea culpa*, forgive. I shall be nothing but your wild Errol, darling, to the end of the chapter."

But he stoops to kiss her tenderly, oh, how tenderly, as he recalls the never-forgotten past.

"Chapter, Wilfred?" said the child's voice quickly. "What does father mean? Story? Oh, do tell me a story ever so long."

And then the bright, curly head nestles coaxingly on Wilfred's bosom, and Coral's own large, wistful eyes look up in his.

"A story, my little treasure? What about?"

The boy looked from his father to his mother, then at Wilfred.

"All about them, Will! Oh, all about them and you."

Falconer clasped Coral Val'-Dare's child closer yet as he answered:

"When you are older, darling, I will tell you a long, beautiful story all about them—when you are older."

"And it must have a beautiful name, too!" cries his little godson. "What shall it be? What shall you call your story, Will?"

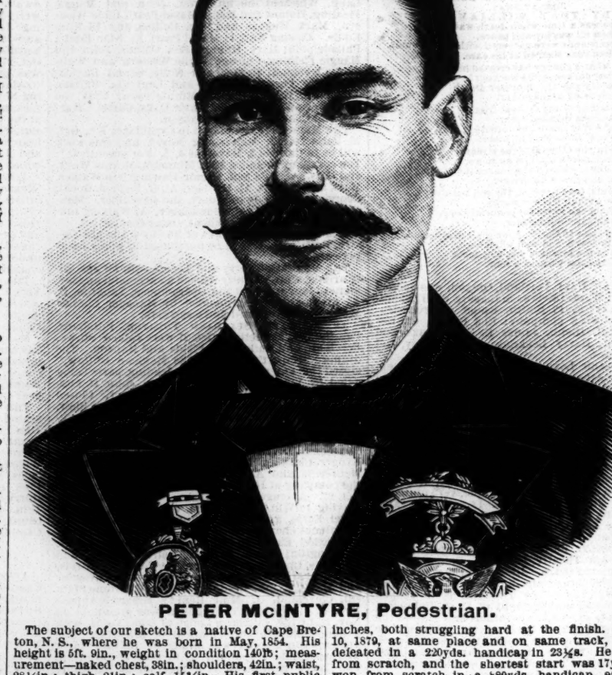
And, clasping Coral's and Val'-Dare's hands in his own, gentle Wilfred Leigh softly answered their child:

"A NAME FOR A LIFE."

THE END.

PLOUGHING BY ELECTRICITY.—Some interesting experiments of ploughing by electricity took place the other day at Noisiel, in France, in the park of the well-known Deputy and chocolate-maker M. Menier. The motive power was supplied to the plough by a Gramme machine, itself set in motion by water-power, which is abundant on M. Menier's estate. The plough did about the same work as if it were drawn by four oxen. It was a Fowler plough, with six shares. The motive power was supplied to it by a wire at a distance of nearly half a mile. To a profane looker-on it was amazing to see a plough propelled by an unseen agency without teams or steam. The Gramme machine employed was the same that supplied M. Menier's manufactory with electric light.

IT COST $250,000 or less to build a first-class iron freight steamer of 2,500 tons, that will rate A1 for twenty years. Six weeks are allowed for a round trip from New York or Philadelphia to Europe and back for a steamer of this class. Granting a liberal allowance for laying up for repairs, the ship will make seven round trips a year. The average value of her outward cargoes may be fairly estimated at $100,000, and the freight-lists will average not less than $16,000.



PETER McINTYRE, Pedestrian.

The subject of our sketch is a native of Cape Breton, N. S., where he was born in May, 1854. His height is 5ft. 9in., weight in condition 140lb; measurement—naked chest, 38in.; shoulders, 42in.; waist, 28¾in.; thigh, 21in.; calf, 15¾in. His first public appearance was at Beacon Park, Boston, July 4, 1874, when he defeated John Powers and five other contestants in a mile race, which he won in 4m. 57⅛s. Aug. 25, 1875, at Fresh Pond road, same distance, he again defeated Powers and ten others; no time taken. Sept. 3, 1875, he achieved a victory over seven runners, finishing his mile in 5m. 15¼s. At the Caledonian games in San Francisco, May 27, 1876, he was winner of three prizes, running different distances, of which no time has been recorded. At the various Caledonian games he has won many prizes. At the games of the Occident Cricket Club, at the Recreation grounds, San Francisco, Feb. 22 last, he won a 440-yard race in 56 2-5s., 880 yards in 2m. 16 2-5s., and a one-mile race in 4m. 43 1-5s. He was defeated in a 600-yard race by W. H. Wood (60 yards start) in 1m. 17 1-5s. McIntyre ran from scratch, on a slow track, and was only beaten eighteen inches, both struggling hard at the finish. May 10, 1879, at same place and on same track, was defeated in a 220yds. handicap in 23¼s. He ran from scratch, and the shortest start was 17yds.; won from 8yds. handicap easily. His first public appearance was at Beacon Park, Boston, July 4, 1874, when he defeated John Powers and five other contestants in a mile race, which he won in 4m. 57⅛s. Aug. 25, 1875, at Fresh Pond road, same distance, he again defeated Powers and ten others; no time taken. Sept. 3, 1875, he achieved a victory over seven runners, finishing his mile in 5m. 15¼s. At the Caledonian games in San Francisco, May 27, 1876, he was winner of three prizes, running different distances, of which no time has been recorded. At the various Caledonian games he has won many prizes. At the games of the Occident Cricket Club, at the Recreation grounds, San Francisco, Feb. 22 last, he won a 440-yard race in 56 2-5s., 880 yards in 2m. 16 2-5s., and a one-mile race in 4m. 43 1-5s. He was defeated in a 600-yard race by W. H. Wood (60 yards start) in 1m. 17 1-5s. McIntyre ran from scratch, on a slow track, and was only beaten eighteen inches, both struggling hard at the finish. May 10, 1879, at same place and on same track, was defeated in a 220yds. handicap in 23¼s. He ran from scratch, and the shortest start was 17yds.; won from 8yds. handicap easily. His first public appearance was at Beacon Park, Boston, July 4, 1874, when he defeated John Powers and five other contestants in a mile race, which he won in 4m. 57⅛s. Aug. 25, 1875, at Fresh Pond road, same distance, he again defeated Powers and ten others; no time taken. Sept. 3, 1875, he achieved a victory over seven runners, finishing his mile in 5m. 15¼s. At the Caledonian games in San Francisco, May 27, 1876, he was winner of three prizes, running different distances, of which no time has been recorded. At the various Caledonian games he has won many prizes. At the games of the Occident Cricket Club, at the Recreation grounds, San Francisco, Feb. 22 last, he won a 440-yard race in 56 2-5s., 880 yards in 2m. 16 2-5s., and a one-mile race in 4m. 43 1-5s. He was defeated in a 600-yard race by W. H. Wood (60 yards start) in 1m. 17 1-5s. McIntyre ran from scratch, on a slow track, and was only beaten eighteen

CLIPPER SONGS:

"OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE AND FOR THE PEOPLE."

The Corner Grocery Store.

DEDICATED TO MY ESTEEMED FRIEND JOSEPH KUNKEL, BY ED. J. SULLIVAN.

There's a grocery store on Lilac street,
Which is narrown in the rear—
It's there that all the tarriers meet,
And get away with three-cent beer.
They're always calling for a ball,
While they spit upon the floor,
And they cut their monograms on the wall
At the "Corner Grocery Store."

Chorus.—They're always talking about hard times,
Horse-races and the like,
Highway robbery and other crimes,
And about the railroad strike;
Broken-down contractors
And "bummers" by the score,
Oh, you'll see lots of hard "characters"
At the "Corner Grocery Store."

Each one of the gang has got a chair
Made out of peanut-wood,
And every night you'll find them there,
With their feet all covered with mud;
They help themselves to cheese and pie,
And eat in behind the door;
You can hear them cry as you pass by
The "Corner Grocery Store."

Old John McGuire, who owns the store,
Told all of the gang one day
That they couldn't hang out there any more,
For they drove his trade away;
But still they go there every night
To sing and dance and roar,
And every night they have a fight
At the "Corner Grocery Store."

The gang are sure to be on hand,
To give their friends a greeting,
And you'll always find them sitting sand
Unless they are eating;
They "hang him up" for Old Tom gin,
And loudly call for more,
Oh, you'd see a sight if you'd drop in
At the "Corner Grocery Store."

Jacob's Hodel.

BY BILLY GLENN.

TO MY FRIEND ORRIN REED, BANJOIST.

I keeb a hodel, dot vos plain,
Und vrom id I've grown quite insane;
Der trubble I'll tell all in my song:
Auf borders dot gave me much pain;
Vrom morning dill nide I veel sad—
All dot I'm looking vor—
Und now every week I grow vorse—
Py dam! puddy soon I got mad.

Spoken.—Dot magnificence vrauler I vos oud or in my house, dem borders use id as dey like. Dey make a spliddoon of der carbet, and der foodsdools of my biano. Ven I go do speak aboud id dey—

Chorus.—Cry oud "Jacob, don'd got mad;
We ligke you puddy vell;
Your house und board vas very good,
You vas grand hodel.
Now, only vait—don'd broke dot slade;
Ve vill seddle, dot is so;
Vont shust dot pilloard underground,
Und see auf dot don'd grow."

Dem borders vot do pay dere pills
Dey never a vord hauf to say;
Und eaden, dey eat, dey you ped,
Bud never do grumble 'bout pay!
De udders, vot don'd pay a cent,
Vas der vorst porders dot I see,
Und vas always raizin a fuss—
Der beat id vas boddering me.

Spoken.—Aud I get dem chabs in vail, I bet dey don'd—

Chorus.—Cry oud "Jacob," etc.

"She is So Awful Shy."

TO MY FRIEND MISS CECELIA MCDERMOTT.

BY ED. J. SULLIVAN.

I wish someone would tell me,
For I'd really like to know
If all the girls are bashful
Like a little dear I know;
For she's so awful bashful
And so very, very shy;
I love the little darling,
But I think she's awful mean,
And I know that you would say so
If you ever heard her scream—

Chorus.—"O my heart! O my heart!
I really think I'ci die;
I hope you will excuse me,
But I'll meet you by-and-bye;
You are a naughty fellow,
And to make me sigh;
But I know you will forgive me,
For I am so awful shy."

She tells me not to act so,
An awful little sigh;
For she's so awful bashful
And so very, very shy;
I love the little darling,
But I think she's awful mean,
And I know that you would say so
If you ever heard her scream—

Chorus.—"O my heart," etc.

She has driven me nearly crazy—
But for her I'd surely die—
If she'd only make other girls,
And not be so awful shy;
I sometimes think she's fooling me,
Or else it is a dream;
But I find it is reality
When e'er I hear her scream—

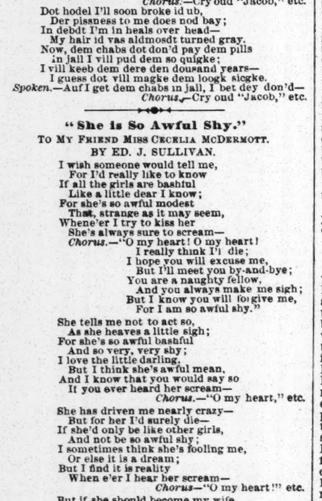
Chorus.—"O my heart!" etc.

But if she should become my wife
She would not be so shy,
For if she'd want a new silk dress
She'd have it or she'd die;
But, if I should refuse to buy it,
She'd say I was awful mean,
And then, to change the subject,
Why, then, ot course, she'd scream—

Chorus.—"O my heart," etc.

HE SPEAKS OUT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.



A shame? I should say it is, sir—a disgrace to civilization! What are brains worth to a man in an age like this? What is the divine spark of genius among a generation of mutton-heads? Look at me for an answer! I hold in my hand here the manuscript of a drama—an original drama—a mighty and moral work of art which should raise its author to the very topmost pinnacle of fame. I say *should* raise him, because, had it not been my misfortune to live at a time when idiots people the earth, it would so have raised me. But what are the facts? My drama, as I have hinted, is a high-art production, a noble creation of the brain, with strong tragedy parts, historic, patriotic and prophetic (one scene, sir, represents the whole of North America, with all the nations of the earth mingling peacefully together under the stars-and-stripes)—my drama, I repeat, which occupied me through weary months of unpaid rent and caused me to consume gallons of midnight oil (so called because it was obtained at midnight, after the landlady had retired)—my drama, I say it once again, is scorned by the pig-headed managers of the present day! I took it first to the Rectilineal. The manager told me to drop it in the course of a month or so. I dropped it accordingly. He gave me back the manuscript, and in the politest manner informed me that it was "good, very good," but that they were not doing anything in the "Pinafore" line at his house. "Pinafore"! Great Cæsar! I was too indignant to speak. I could only turn upon my heel, and, with a withering glance—just the kind of glance which Apollinaris Jones, my hero, casts upon my traitor in the fourth act—depart in silence. I tried next the Quadrilateral. You know that house—you know how they pride themselves on their aristocratic connections, their high-toned style of doing things, their kid-glove honor, and all that. Well, I saw the manager of the Quadrilateral. He met me with the air of a British lord, in a beautiful velvet coat, and with his slippered feet encased in the most gorgeous silk stockings you ever saw.

"What can I do for you?" he said.

I drew out my manuscript with becoming dignity, and handed it to him.

"Ah, yes. An original play, no doubt?"

"Exactly," said I.

"Could you make it convenient to call again in a month or so?"

Of course I made it convenient. The lordly representative of a high-toned theatre was as polite as before. He wore another pair of marvelous silk stockings and another velvet coat.

"Ah, yes," he said, going to his writing-desk and taking the manuscript out of the same pigeon-hole in which I had seen him put it a month before. "Ah, yes, your play is very clever—extremely clever, sir, from what I've heard."

"Have you read it?" I interupted nervously.

"Certainly, sir," he answered. "I have read every word of it, and, as I was about to say, it is very clever. But, my dear sir, you know we never do anything for the legitimate drama line—"

Comic opera! I seized the manuscript and rushed out of the office, burning with righteous indignation. My immortal tragedy a comic-opera! It was a week before I could sufficiently master my feelings to call on another manager. Then I made my way to the Angular. More politeness and another request to call a month. I called.

"Your play is a remarkable one, Mr. Brown—very remarkable, but—"

"You have read it?" I gasped. "You are quite sure you have read it?"

"Quite," was the soothing reply. "I never was surer of anything in my life. And, as I said before, it is a remarkable production; but I regret to say that we have determined not to bring out any modern-society plays—"

Modern-society play! Shade of Æschylus, what indignities have been heaped upon the heads of thy faithful followers! I took the manuscript and went out into the street, breathing curses upon all managerial heads. One other chance, and one only, seemed open to me. That was the Circle. Another month of waiting, left the manuscript, and agreed to call again at the end of the inevitable month. The manager of the Circle was even more polite than his rivals had been.

"Capital, Mr. Brown, capital! I have read every word of it with breathless interest. Nothing could be better in its way, but you know we can't put on that sort of thing at the Circle. Our patrons are not of the kind that approve of the leg-drama—"

Leg-drama! O Melpomene! immortal muse, was it to this that I had come? Was it to this my life's service? Well, after that I became desperate. I resolved that one manager at least should really read my play, or, at all events, have it read to him. After much skilful manœuvring, I succeeded in getting the fatal tribe into my room intentionally for the purpose of helping me dispose of a case of Rhine wine, but really to read him my play. He was only the manager of the Triangular Varieties, but he was better than nobody. The moment he entered the room I locked the door, put the key in my pocket, and pulled out the manuscript. He fortified himself behind six bottles of the wine, and I began to read. I went straight through the entire five acts, and he went through the entire six bottles. He made no comment during the reading; but when I had finished he took up one of the empty bottles and, shaking it impressively at me, said:

"Brown, old boy, ish good—ish devilish good. Ish the best burlesque I ever heard!"

Burlesque! And the man had really heard it! Do you blame me for saying that it's a disgrace upon civilization?

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MISS CATHERINE LEWIS,

whose recent success in the character of Agnes in Bronson Howard's comedy of "Wives?" in Daly's Theatre, this city, has made her an object of theatrical interest, is not an American. The young lady, if not born in "Langollen, that sweetest of vales," came very near it, for she first saw the "blossom on the thorn" in Swansea, South Wales, May 6, 1856, and is consequently now in her twenty-fourth year. Miss Lewis made her first appearance on the stage in London, Eng., in the Lyceum Theatre, under the management of the late H. L. Bateman, in the farce of "The Lottery Ticket," the late George Belmore playing Worry, and the debutante Sally. In 1873 the lady joined Carl Rosa's English-opera Company, singing such roles as Cherubino in "The Mrriage of Figaro," Lady Allcash in "Fra Diavolo," etc. Just five years ago she appeared for the first time in opera-bouffe, with the late Julia Mathews, in the Philharmonic Theatre, London, interpreting the role of Clairette in "Mme. Angot," and subsequently she made a tour of the English provinces, impersonating the twin sisters in "Girofle-Girofle." She next emigrated to Australia, where, during the season of 1876-7, she sang under Mr. Lyster's management, achieving much popularity. Accompanied by Fred Lyster, she came to San Francisco, Cal., where, Sept. 4, 1878, she made her American debut in Baldwin's Theatre, singing Clairette in "Mme. Angot." Her New York debut was in the St. James' Theatre, formerly occupied by Dan Bryant's Minstrels, Nov. 11, 1878, singing the role of Serpolette in "The Chimes of Corneville," under the management of Tracy Titus & Josh H. Rogers, and subsequently made a partial tour of the country. Miss Catherine Lewis is a sister of Miss Jeffreys Lewis, and there is another sister in England who has recently made her debut on the stage. Of Miss Lewis' recent success as Agnes, the clarionet "little fool," much might be said. Anyone who has an appreciation of the great master of "Human Comedy" must be charmed to see what an exponent he has found in the little Welch fairy, and must desire to witness more such plays with similar opportunities for Miss Lewis to illustrate Molière. Her intuition is as remarkable as the delicacy of her portrayal, and her naturalness is unusual in one so inexperienced—for she is a very young actress. The utter absence of all conventional method adds a charm to the natural spontaneity of her acting, and enables her to "steal a grace beyond the reach of art."

PRIZE NOSES.—A great attraction was offered the other day to the beer-drinking inhabitants of Vienna by a publican at Lerchenfeld, a Viennese suburb. This esterprising retailer, who owns an enormous beer-hall in the district alluded to, advertised in the local press his intention to bestow a valuable prize upon the possessor of the largest nose in Vienna, and named a day upon which candidates for his donation should compete publicly in the great room of his establishment. Their claims being submitted to a jury chosen from among the spectators. At the appointed time the beer-hall was thronged to suffocation, and the hilarity of the public knew no bounds as competitor after competitor presented himself upon the platform to the adjudicators, exhibiting noses of such shapes and dimensions as are seldom seen off the pantomimic stage. At last a coachman, rubicund and obese, made his appearance behind a nose the inordinate magnitude and rich color of which elicited three rounds of rapturous applause from the assembled multitude. To him was adjudged the prize by acclamation.

THE latest financial idea was invented by a divorced wife, who sued her successor for alienating the affections of her former husband.

THE NEW YORK CRICKETER'S PRAYER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Ye gods! assist thy suppliant an able bat to wield
Against these skillful Britishers that lead us in the field:
I want to learn to bat and bowl, and keep the wicket, too;
And when I'm posted in the field, to do the work of two;
I want to have a strong defense, and learn to slash, beside,
And, when entrusted with the ball, to never bowl a wide:
I ask the grace of Richard Daft, and slashing powers of Grace,
And, should the umpire give me out, to ne'er dispute the case.
Yet, more than all, I crave the heart that gives an iron nerve
To face all bowlers as they come, and from my crease ne'er swerve.
Pray, rid me of that nervousness our amateurs possess,
And then in time, I think, we'll turn the tables of success.

Oct. 24, 1879. J. C. WHITEHOUSE.

AMBER,

OR SEASIDE IDLE AND IDOLING.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

The waves were running in brightly and kissing softly the silver sands at Ocean Cave. Along the shore, watching the play of the water, the white-winged yachts in the distance, and listening to the songs of the rowers, undertoned by music floating down from cottage and hotel, were a gay company, distributed in picturesque groups and brought out in bold relief by the rosy light of the declining sun from the dark background of rock and foliage.

Apart from the others sat one alone, and making a beautiful picture for eye, artistic or poetical; a dreamer, to judge by the tracings in the sand, only made to be obliterated; a figure that would instantly attract the gaze and cause it to linger, framed as it was in leaf and vine. The soft semi-light that stole down through the trees revealed the perfected roundness of the form; the royal head, crowned with hair long and lustrous as braided threads of gold; the delicate oval of face; the cheeks, tinted as the pink heart of the sea-shell; the delicately cleft, though a thought passionate, lips of coral-red. And as she glanced upward to the far-away fluttering of the gulls, and the broad straw hat, with its floating ribbons, was thrown aside, the wondrous depths and loveliness of eyes as soft and velvety as azure, as the *fleur-de-lis* in the pride of its first blossoming, were exposed; and when a flitting smile came, the mischievous dimples deepened upon the chin and told of a nature strung to mirthfulness, though now her face was shadowed by earnest thought and anxiety, if not regretful sorrow; a face exceedingly beautiful, not in the least *blasé*, and yet as of one early *desillusionne* with society, if not the world.

The coming of others aroused her from a dreamy and unpleasant reverie. She drew back within the tangled mass of foliage, so as to be perfectly screened, and the two men strolling along knew nothing of the accidental listener, though every word was plainly audible to her, and hot blushes and icy paleness told how much they jarred upon the sensitively-strung strings of her heart.

"It is simply impossible, Charley," said one, in response to some proposition of the other.

"But you must, Fred. You see what a dilemma we are in. The principal actor has been suddenly taken ill; went in bathing—"

"And was devoured by sharks, swallowed by a whale, seized upon by a devil-fish, or carried off bodily by the sea-serpent," was the laughing interruption.

"Cease your nonsense and listen. He caught cold and—"

"You want me to step in and fill the gap?"

"Most decidedly."

"After having run away from the sweltering city and blazing footlights for fresh air and a little of the *dolce far niente* one sees so little of in life? And that being the case, your request is a very modest one. Besides, the play will be horribly murdered. Amateurs always fly high and come down flat—always select something that even professionals are timid about."

"But this entertainment being for charity, all shortcomings will be overlooked."

"There you touch me closely, Charley. Whatever may be the faults of our profession, we never are backward in offering heart and hand at the cry of distress; and, in my own case at least, it may, I trust, cover a multitude of sins."

"Then you consent to act?"

"I presume I shall be compelled to do so. But who is to be the leading actress?"

"Amber Valentine."

"Great heavens!"

"What is the matter?"

"Noth—nothing; only I fancied yonder little boat was about to upset."

They passed out of hearing, out of sight, and the girl quickly fled from her concealment and hastened to a cottage. Her face, but an instant before glowing, was whiter than her dress, and, despite all effort at calmness, her lips trembled convulsively. Avoiding the merry company, she stole up stairs, tore off her hat with feverish fingers, tossed aside the gauzy scarf that had covered her snowy shoulders, and, flinging herself upon a couch, gave way to violent tears. A little later she was summoned, and, dashing the hot tears from her eyes, she arose, bathed her throbbing temples, rearranging her hair, and forcing a strange calmness, she descended.

"Miss Valentine, Mr. Armitage. This gentleman has kindly consented to help us out of the difficulty we are in, and—"

"Ah, yes," he said, going to his writing-desk and taking the manuscript out of the same pigeon-hole in which I had seen him put it a month before. "Ah, yes, your play is very clever—extremely clever, sir, from what I've heard."

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FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

EUROPEAN NOVELTIES.

Courtship, or the Three Caskets."

This is the title of a new three-act comedy by Henry J. Byron, which received its initial performance at the Court Theatre, London, Eng., Oct. 16. The story is told as follows: "The scene is the drawing-room of the elegantly furnished house of Miss Millicent Vivian, described as 'a young lady of wealth.' In addition to wealth she possesses beauty, and is reported to be of good family and to have had a very reputable line of ancestors. What wonder that with all these recommendations she has more than one suitor! As a matter of fact, she has three. The first and most favored—secretly, that is—is Edward Trentham, a handsome young country gentleman—very upright, very conscientious, very outspoken, but slightly unreasonable and slightly snobbish. The second is Claude De Courcy, a 'swell' and a cad, one of whose chief boasts is that neither he nor his father's grandfathers, and great-grandfathers, etc., were ever known to work. He believes that his blood is blue—as blue as an Italian sky, and that blue blood and a lazy ancestry and a fine-sounding title are ample compensations for his impecuniosity, which he hopes to relieve from the purse of our heroine. The third suitor is Phineas Gubbins—an old fellow who has made money by selling nails, and who fancies that money atones for ignorance and vulgarity. Little thinking that in Edward Trentham they have a rival, this pair of worthies give heed to his advice in their wooing of the lady, and they fool her with flattery. They praise her pictures, while he criticises them and is unsparing of their faults. They escort her to the theatre, while he prefers to stay behind to read novels to her cousin. They accept with eagerness her invitations to dinner, while he has only the crude reply that her dinner-hour is midway between his tea and supper time. The fact is that Edward Trentham, though well-to-do in the world, is by no means possessed of wealth equal to that of the fair Millicent; and, as he is proud and sensitive, he fears to arouse even the suspicion that he wants the lady for her money. Millicent, it will thus be seen, is the target for what some son of Erin once called a triangular duel. She is between three fires. 'Who is to bring her down" is the momentous question, which she cannot decide. In her difficulty there comes to her assistance her man of business, Mr. Blatchford, an elderly gentleman who, in a very short time after making her acquaintance, has inspired her with confidence. He suggests to her a little plan to test the sincerity of the lovers, and he gets his inspiration from the casket scene of 'The Merchant of Venice,' a play to see which Millicent and her friends—Edward excepted—are going at the end of the first act. And so, when Claude De Courcy has 'popped' the important question, she informs him that she sees no objection to saying 'Yes,' but thinks it right to tell him that, by a clause in the will of her eccentric uncle, the wealth she has inherited from him passes away on her marriage, and leaves her with only £200 a year. Claude De Courcy at once 'shows his hand,' and is voted the chooser of 'the golden casket.' Gubbins comes next. He minds not the loss of the lady's fortune. He has enough for two; and, as he puts it, 'See what a hold it will give me upon her! What were you before I married you?' and so on. He looks to his moneybags to give him 'position,' and this only to come of an alliance with a lady of aristocratic lineage—or, as Gubbins hath it, 'linnidge.' Millicent's little plan is again brought to bear. She has no ancestral stock to boast of, and Gubbins and his 'silver casket' are at once sent to the wall. Now is Edward Trentham's chance. He hears that she is poor; he sees that she is despised by those who have flattered her; and he comes forward to prove that he loves her for herself alone. This brings us to the end of the second act. So far, so good. The story seems to be ended—but there is another chapter. Millicent has to confess her deception. Deception is the very sin that Edward Trentham most detests. He is horrified to think that he has been brought to confess his love by a trick. And for this little sin he would leave her, but this is somewhat clumsily the author creates a certain old Grueby to settle the difficulty. Old Grueby has been heard of several times in connection with broken palings and leaky roofs, but he is not seen until now. He is the 'oldest inhabitant,' and in the person of Mr. Blatchford he has recognized Claude De Courcy Millicent's uncle, supposed to have been drowned. The will of her scheme was no sham, but a reality. She is no heiress after all, and under these circumstances Edward Trentham will consent to make her his wife. How he gets over her intention to deceive is not explained, but when the curtain falls it is understood that the wedding-day will soon be fixed, that a happy honeymoon is in store, and that among those who will be invited to put their legs under the domestic mahogany Claude De Courcy and Phineas Gubbins will not be numbered." The cast includes Charles Coghlan as Edward Trentham, G. W. Anson as Gubbins, Wilson Barrett as De Courcy, Edward Price as Blatchford, Miss Amy Roselle as Millicent, and Miss E. Ormsby as Fanny.

"Le Petit Abbe,"

a one-act operetta by Henri Bocage and Armand Livrat, music by Charles Grisart, was first witnessed at the Vaudeville, Paris, Oct. 11. A correspondent writes about it as follows: "The hero is Stanislas De Bouffiers, better known as the Chevalier De Bouffiers. But at the moment when the curtain rises the personage with whom we make the acquaintance is the Abbe of that name. The youth of seventeen has just emerged from his seminary in the provinces, where he had earned a most sanctified reputation for the purity of his habits and inclinations. He has been the joy of his mother and of all the female portion of his family, who look forward to seeing him speedily rise to high preferment in the Church. His uncle, the Duke, looked with a less favorable eye on the scheme of making the last male of the Bouffiers stock take holy orders. The old nobleman was, however, too astute a man of the world to place himself in direct antagonism with the hopes of his pious relatives, nor does he think for a moment of bringing any pressure to bear on the boy's mind, which is, he knows, wholly given up to devotion and its exercises. He accordingly devises a scheme which ultimately turns out fully successful. His nephew is about to start for Paris to finish his studies there, and the Duke gives him a letter of introduction to a respectable Canoness, who will undertake the duties of guiding his first footsteps in the world. So, when the curtain rises, we discover the little Abbe, who has come to present himself to the lady immediately after leaving the diligence. It is eleven o'clock, but she is not yet up. The country youth thinks the people in Paris are not very early risers, but he arms himself with patience and waits. In a boudoir under such circumstances there is nothing to do but examine its contents, and Stanislas begins to look about him with an excess of curiosity for which every excuse can be found. The first object to strike his attention is a picture, a female figure, doubtless the portrait of some saint—but of a saint very slightly clothed, like Titian's Venus, in fact. 'C'est bien joli, une femme!' is the Abbe's expression, and the tone in which Madame Chaumont utters these five words, with a kind of nervous laugh, denotes close observation and study. Slightly put out of countenance by his first discovery, the youth turns over the books, and the title of one of them attracts him, 'Les Heures de Cythere.' 'A Book of Hours!' he exclaims, 'Now I am in my element. But I need hardly say that what he finds in the volume bears no resemblance to the Liturgy of the Saints. The pagelittle fellow finds himself more and more puzzled, and to whatever side he turns his eyes his perplexity grows stronger. A charming silver statuette of Cupid on a low pedestal completes his surprise, and then he glances towards a table on which half-a-dozen letters are lying open—verses, madrigals, glowing declarations of admiration: 'To the Queen of the Goddesses of the Opera;' 'To Guimard, the rival of Venus.' Guimard is certainly the name on the letter of which he is the bearer from his uncle to the Canoness, but has the Duke been making game of him, and is it to the abode of the notorious dancer that he has been sent? He breaks the seal of the missive, and all doubt is soon at an end, for the Duke has written to his old friend requesting her to rub all his innocence off the little Abbe. The young man's first impulse is to escape; the second—to remain, but only with the object of converting the sinner, and of leading her back into the path of virture! These fine intentions are soon to be scattered like chaff. He opens the door of the room in which the pseudo Canoness is sleeping, and recognizes the original of the saint in the picture! Another instant of hesitation, and Stanislas De Bouffiers steps across the threshold—and the curtain falls." The part of the heroine was sutained by Madame Chaumont.

"A Clerical Error,"

a one-act comedy by H. A. Jones, was produced at the Court Theatre, London, Oct. 16. The hero of the trifle is Rev. Richard Capel, a country vicar. His ward, who has grown up under his care, is Minnie Heritage. She has become so entwined about his heart that existence without her would be a blank. He persuades himself that he is not too old—he is but forty-nine—and he wonders whether she would consent to become his wife. By accident he discovers a piece of paper, on which Minnie, in her day-dreams, has been writing the words: "Mrs. Richard Capel." Oh! what a joyful discovery. It fills him with hope. It inspires him with courage, and in a pretty—a deliciously pretty scene—he asks her the important question upon the answer to which depends his life's happiness. Not long does she hesitate. She thinks of all his goodness towards her and of what she owes him. Gratitude demands self-sacrifice, and, though her heart is with another, she murmurs the affirmative which sends joy to the vicar's heart. His joy is not long-lived. His eyes are opened by his garrulous old butler, Jeremiah Perry. The Richard Capel whose name has been written, and who owns Minnie's heart, is the nephew he once banished in disgrace, and who has now returned thoroughly reformed and on the road to eminence. There is a mental struggle; but a sense of duty prevails. The vicar, too, will remember that there is a virtue in self-sacrifice, and in the touching little episode upon which the curtain falls he pretends that his proposal was nothing but one of his jokes, and joins the hands of the young couple with a hearty "God bless you."

DRAMATIC.

"NOTRE DAME DE PARIS" received its hundredth representation at the Theatre des Nations, Paris, Oct. 13, when Mme. Marie Laurent read some stanzas addressed to Victor Hugo by Theodore De Banville. On the conclusion of the representation, the poet entertained the interpreters of the drama and a number of dramatic critics at supper at the Grand Hotel.

"THE SHAUGHRAUN" has been revived at the Victoria Theatre, London, with J. A. Cave as Conn and Miss Jessie Garratt as Moya.

"THE POOR GENTLEMAN" has been revived at the Imperial Theatre, London, with Lionel Brough as Dr. Ollapod, W. Farren as Sir Robert Bramble, E. F. Edgar as Lieut. Worthington, W. H. Denny as Corporal Foss, F. Everill as Humphrey Dobbins, Charles Akhurst, J. Bannister as Stephen Harrowby, Miss Ellen Meyrick as Emily Worthington, and Mrs. Stirling as Miss Lucretia McTab.

JOTTINGS FROM SOUTH AFRICA.—A correspondent, writing from Port Elizabeth, S. A., Sept. 26, says: "Captain Roebuck opens here with a new theatrical company from England in a month's time..... Bell's Circus opens here shortly.....Arthur Sketchly, with his humorous lecture on "Mrs. Brown," has been here.....L. Hasselmayer, magician, is in Natal..... Atsall & Smith's Combination Troupe are in Natal.....Mr. and Mrs. Mendelsohn and McSinger are giving concerts in the Diamond Fields."

THE COMPANY of the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen is now playing at the King Theatre, Vienna, Austria. This troupe consists of fifty-eight acting performers, and of a staff of twelve other persons.

GEORGE RIGNOLD will probably make his appearance at the Drury-lane Theatre, London, early in November, in "Henry the Fifth."

MR. MONTIGNY is desirous of selling his interest in the Gymnase Theatre, Paris, and retire from the profession.

MUSICAL.

M. MIERSWINSKI, a new tenor, was to have made his debut at the Grand Opera, Paris, Oct. 20, as Arnold in "Guillaume Tell."

MLLE. DARAM has signed a contract to sing for eighteen months longer at the Grand Opera, Paris.

MLLE. GRANIER has returned to the Renaissance Theatre, Paris, after an absence caused by illness.

"CARMEN" is about to be produced, for the first time in Italy, at the Bellini Theatre, at Naples. Mme. Galli-Marie, who created the title-part at the Paris Opera Comique, is engaged for a series of performances.

VARIETY HALLS.

THE MIDDLESEX MAGISTRATES have refused a license for music to the proprietors of the Argyll Rooms and Evans' Music Hall and Supper Rooms, London, and only granted a renewal of the license to the Oxford Music Hall on the understanding that dancing should be cut out of the entertainments. Little objection was raised to the 342 other applications for music, or music and dancing.

M. BLONDIN has returned to London after a very successful engagement in Vienna, Austria.

ATHLETIC.

JOINED THE MORMONS.

The brothers Steadman, well-known East Kent, Eng., long-distance runners, on Oct. 16 left Foversham, with their parents and other friends, to take steamer for this port, en route for Salt Lake City. They have already relatives living in Utah, one of them being H. Steadman, the half-mile and mile champion of East Kent, who emigrated about two years ago. The Steadman family have long been famous in connection with pedestrianism, and they have been successful at more than one meeting in carrying off all the prizes in the one-mile races. Of late years W. Steadman has been one of the most formidable opponents James Bailey of Sittingbourne (the fifty-mile champion) has had in handicaps. Bailey used to be called upon to concede a start to Steadman; but lately Steadman had improved sufficiently to be able to give the fifty-mile champion a slight start in a one-mile or four-mile race. During the present year he defeated Bailey in a most exciting ten-mile handicap by a few yards, both starting from the same mark, in Fore-court Park, Sittingbourne. On the same ground this year Bailey, who received a slight start, defeated Steadman, who was leading up to 200yds. from home, in one of the best four-mile races ever witnessed in East Kent; and at Ashford recently in a match for the six-mile championship of East Kent between these two runners, the Sittingbourne man was victorious. W. Steadman has also gained some distinction in handicaps out of the County of Kent. E. Steadman, though not so fleet of foot as his two brothers, generally managed to take his own part in handicaps.

ATHLETICS IN PROVIDENCE.

On Oct. 29 an athletic meeting was held at Park Garden, Providence, R. I., under the auspices of the Brown University Athletic Association. A return follows: Three-mile walk—Metcalf, class '83, first; Knowles, class '81, second; Lawton, class '82, third; 28m. 30s. Standing high-jump—Irons, class '81, 4ft. 2½in.; Adams, class '80, 3ft. 10in. Standing broad jump—Irons, class '81, 9ft. 7in.; Bogert, class '82, 8ft. 11in.; Rice, class '81, 8ft. 7in.; Corthell, class '81, 8ft. 6in. Quarter-mile run—Bogert, class '82, first; Rice, class '81, second; 1m. 8s. Putting shot—Irons, class '81, 35ft. 9in.; Carpenter, class '81, 28ft. 11in.; Hazard, class '81, 27ft. 5in. One-hundred-yards dash —Irons, class '81, first; Jones, class '82, second; Rice, class '81, third; 12 2-5s. Throwing 16-lb. sledge-pound hammer—Irons, class '81, 77ft.; Hazard, class '81, 52ft. 2in.; Carpenter, class '81, 56ft. 6in. Potato race (picking up 25 potatoes three feet apart)—Willett, class '83, first; Twing, class '81, second; Carpenter, class '81, third; Ordway, class '83, fourth. Running broad-jump—Irons, class '81, 18ft. 7in.; Rice, class '81, 15ft. 7in. Five-mile bicycle run —Francis, class '82, first; Gamage, class '82, second; Peckham, class '81, third; 35m. 58s. Subsequently there was bicycle racing under the auspices of the Providence Bicycle Club, resulting as follows: Wm. Cann, 1; C. Terrant, 2; time, 7m. 6s. Ten miles, for members of Providence Club—R. L. Lippett won, beating E. C. Churchill, A. L. Carpenter and W. H. Richmond; time, 42m. 59⅕s. One-mile race—Cann, 1; Terrant, 2; time, 3m. 30s.

JOHNSON'S ENDURANCE FEAT.

Some time ago we mentioned the fact that Frank Johnson, a young German, who has at different times during the past few years appeared as a long-distance pedestrian in the West and South, had arrived in New York, and was desirous of making an attempt, under proper supervision, to equal the feat performed in England by Wm. Gale—that of walking a mile and a half each hour for one thousand consecutive hours. He could not make arrangements for attempting the feat here, but secured the chance to do so in Lowell, Mass., and on Saturday, Oct. 4, at 6 P. M., commenced the above task at Allston Hall. He is walking in the presence of J. S. Humphreys, H. M. Downing, Chas. E. Rich, and J. B. Roth, respectively representing *The Daily Globe, Daily Post, Evening Traveler, and Daily Herald*, who officiated as judges, and at least one of whom is on duty at all times. On Oct. 25 these gentlemen appeared before J. H. Richardson, a justice of the peace, and made affidavit that up to that time Johnson had faithfully performed his task each and every hour. According to documents received, he was not yet exhibit symptoms of fatigue, and has demonstrated his ability to get along with a very small allowance of sleep, which certainly will go far towards enabling him to achieve success in his undertaking.

ATHLETIC SPORTS IN BOSTON.

The Irish Athletic Club held games at Mystic Park, Boston, Mass., Oct. 30, for the benefit of the Home for Destitute Catholic Children and St. Mary's Infant Asylum. The weather was unpleasantly chilly, but still there were over three thousand persons present. We give the results of the competitions, omitting, however, the figures given for the standing high-jump, for the reason that they are manifestly wrong. It is well to remember, too, that the contestants in the five-mile run contended on a trotting track, and therefore did not go the full distance. Running wide-jump—John Stark, 18ft. 8½in.; McQuiggan, 18ft. 5in. F. Finnegan, 18ft. 1in. Running hop, step and jump—J. Stark, 43ft.; McGuiggan second. Standing high-jump—George Davidson and J. Stark divided first and second prizes. Five-mile run—J. Hourihan, 1; John Plummer, 2; M. Golden, 3; time, 29min. Thos. Donahoe was among those beaten. There was also an exhibition of goaling and horse-racing, the prize dancing, trip-ball game and weight-throwing being postponed until another day, owing to darkness.

BEST TEN-MILE RECORD.

The long-distance amateur runner J. E. Warburton, alias "Choppy," on Oct. 11, at the Radcliffe and Pilkington meeting, Manchester, Eng., successfully essayed the task of beating the amateur record at ten miles, he winning by 42½ seconds, although the track, a cinder-path, was not so firm as it could have been made. The track was twice carefully measured previously to the attempt, and there can be no question as to the distance being right, while three experienced men officially timed the race, one of them being James Watson, well known in America. In consequence, however, of the track being an awkward length, 498 yards, the time of the intermediate miles was not taken with any degree of accuracy, which is to be regretted, as Warburton must have been running much faster than J. Gibb ran when he made the best previous time. Warburton now offers to accept £100 to £20 that he beats Deerfoot's time, 51m. 26s., on a London ground, he to choose time and place.

DONAHUE'S MONEY COVERED.

The deposit left with Donahue's wrestling deffi last week was covered on Nov. 1, and the following card of acceptance left with us:

EDITOR N. Y. CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* I notice Michael Donahue's challenge in your issue of this week. I will produce and back an unknown, who weighs only 130lb, to wrestle him for $250. To show I am in earnest I hand you $25, and will meet Mr. Donahue at THE CLIPPER office at 3 P. M. Nov. 6 to make a match. Respectfully, JOHN MURPHY, 466 Greenwich street.

SHARP.—A correspondent writes to us from Minneapolis, Minn., to the effect that after Sullivan gave up the race with Hunt there, Oct 23, he hastened to St. Paul, where the stakes were on deposit with the cashier of the Second National Bank, who upon representations made by Sullivan or his brother returned to them the three hundred dollars constituting his share of the stake-money—a bit of sharp practice which has done Sullivan more harm than good.

THOMAS LITTLE of Marlboro and Edward Congdon of Hopkinton, Mass., ran a ten-mile race Oct. 28, at the skating-rink, Worcester, for $100 a side and gate-money. Little took the lead at the start, and during the first half mile gained a lap, gradually increasing his advantage and winning the race in 1h. 2m. 22s. Congdon was seven laps behind. Little was trained by James Robinson.

A 24-HOUR GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE RACE, for a gold medal and $50, took place at McMain's Hall, Rutherford Park, N. J., Oct. 24, 25, with this result: G. C. Gourlay, 103 miles; James Talbert, 95; N. Fullerton, 87; C. Shultz, 84. Gourlay is employed at the late James Brady's folding and mailing agency, 13 Spruce street, this city.

HARRY MANN, who managed the 27-hour go-as-you-please race at Howard Hall, Providence, R. I., Oct. 24, 25, proposes to give prizes of $100, $60 and $40 for a similar affair in New Haven, Ct., Nov. 7, 8. Entrance, $10, and can be made to the manager, at the City Hotel, New Haven.

A RECEPTION was tendered to Madden, winner of the 75-hour contest at Worcester, Mass., by his friends, including the members of the hose company to which he belongs, upon his return to Marlboro, Mass., Oct. 27.

JAMES ANDERSON maintained his claim to the title of champion golfer in a match for £100 on the whole and £25 on each green, with Jamie Allan, which was finished at the Westward Ho links, in England, Oct. 17.

A 27-HOUR CONTEST, go-as-you-please, at Brockton, Mass., Oct. 24, 25, resulted thus: Geo. Raymond, 118 miles, in 26h. 58m.; H. Donaghue, 113 miles 6 laps; F. Johnson, 110 miles.

MATT FLOYD writes from Denver, Colorado, to say that it was not he who recently ran against Fred Stone at Salt Lake City, Utah, but a man named Gilpin.

JAMES MCLEAVY has gone to St. John, N. B., and purposes remaining in the Dominion for some time, hoping to regain his health and lost form while there.

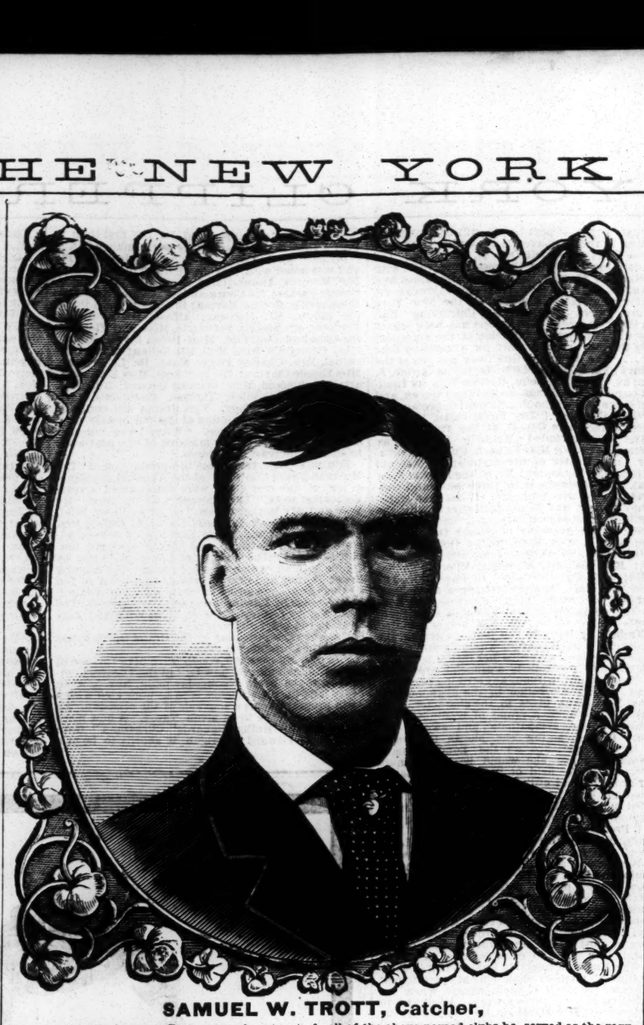
CHAS. CLARK defeated George Hamilton in a 125-yds. run, for $1,000, at Cleveland, O., Oct. 25. Won by six feet in the alleged time of 13s.

A TEN-MILE RACE at the Lamb Tavern track, Springfield, Pa., Oct. 30, was won by Starr, whose time was 1h. 2m. 10s.

THE UTICA BOWLING CLUB challenge any club in the State to a friendly game of tenpins. Address Wm. C. Hackett, 200 Genesee street, Utica, N. Y.

REAL ESTATE IN THE WEST.

The Denver Land Co. offer in another column alternate lots in their addition. These alternate lots are in fact given away, though a nominal charge of one dollar is made for the deed. The company limit the number purchasable at this price to five lots. Many of the large cities of the West have been started in a similar manner, and those who secured lots then find themselves now in possession of valuable property. The opportunity does not often present itself of making an investment in real estate at such prices. The reliability of the company and their title to the property are claimed to be well established, and there could be no risk, with a fine prospect for a rapid increase in value. Denver has had such a wonderfully rapid growth, it is probable that the land offered will be speedily taken up.



SAMUEL W. TROTT, Catcher,

is a native of Washington, D. C., scarcely yet out of his teens, and his first appearance in public was with the Nationals of that city, in 1874. He continued with them in 1875, and his first engagement outside of that city was with a semi-professional nine of Mansfield, O., during the Centennial season. His record in 1877 was a varied one. Commencing with the Athletics of Philadelphia, he filled a short engagement, and then played with the Fairbanks Club of Chicago, Ill., and the Minneapolis Club, and finished the season at home with the Nationals, with whom he has remained ever since. In all of the above-named clubs he served as the regular catcher, and had an excellent fielding record. His strong point of his play being his ability to catch pluckily and successfully the swiftest and wildest pitching. Facing the swift delivery of Lynch and Derby, he finished this season in as good condition as when he began, and with a record that will compare favorably with that of any catcher in the country. He is cool, reticent, plucky and enduring, and is, altogether, one of the most promising young professionals of the day.

BASEBALL.

DEATH OF A PROFESSIONAL PLAYER.

James Hallinan, at one time a prominent professional player, died on Oct. 28 at his residence in Chicago, Ill., of inflammation of the bowels. He made his first appearance on the ball-field in 1870, with the Aetna Club of Chicago, and short-stopped four season for them. They were called the Franklins in 1874 and were an amateur nine, nearly all of whom were employed in the press-room of *The Chicago Times*. His first professional engagement was a brief one with the Western Club of Keokuk, Ia., in 1875, and on its disbandment, in June of that year, he joined the Mutuals of this city, and remained with them until the close of the season of 1876. He played in a few games with the Cincinnatis in 1877, and then went to Chicago for the remainder of the season. His last professional engagement was also with the Chicagos. He participated in sixteen championship games with that organization in 1878, and was then compelled by Bright's disease to abandon ball-field in June of that year. He generally played in the short-stop's position, although his last appearances were in the outfield. He was a left-handed, hard-hitting batsman, and, being remarkably fleet of foot, was often employed as a pinch-hitter. He was a very genial disposition, and had a host of friends, who will hear with regret of his untimely demise.

BASEBALL NOTES.

The Chicagos are playing the following nine in California: Flint, catcher; McCormick, pitcher; Anson, Quest and Williamson on the bases; Carey, short-stop; with Dalrymple, Remsen and Gore in the outfield, and Spalding in charge pitcher and manager. The above-named players average 184lb in weight, and 5ft. 11in. in height. Goldsmith of this year's Springfields and Troys, Burns of the Albanys, and Kelly of the Cincinnatis will take the places of McCormick, Carey and Williamson of the Chicagos for 1880.....The Clevelands are after a change-pitcher and two heavy batters.....Springfield, Mass., has decided to be represented on the ball-field next season. The intention is to raise $2,000 in Springfield and $1,000 or so in Holyoke, if possible; and Chicago, Ill., on Oct. 27, the Freedoms defeated the Stars by a score of 20 to 11.....Poorman and McGunnigle are to alternate as pitcher of the Buffalos in 1880, with Crowley and Bowen as the catching; Walker, Richardson and Hornung will again occupy respectively the positions of first base, third base and left field. Andy Leonard is talked of as Force's successor as short-stop, with another man still to be selected to complete the nine.....N. E. Young, secretary of the League, was in this city last week on business connected with his Association.....The Rochesters, with the exception of Leary, who remains in San Francisco, arrived at Rochester, N. Y., on Oct. 28, after a lengthy Western trip. While in California they played 13 games, of which they won 14.....M. C. Dorgan, well and favorably known as the catcher of the Syracuse Stars, is shortly to be married to a young lady of Syracuse, N. Y.....F. C. Bancroft has been re-engaged as manager by the Worcester Club, but in the position of Manager Bancroft to take the nine on a Southern trip of four weeks in April next.....An Eastern Association —to embrace Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Jersey City, Brooklyn, Albany, Troy, Providence, Boston, Worcester and Springfield, might prove a financial success the coming season, if properly handled. The Central Citys of Syracuse, N. Y., won sixteen out of the seventeen games played by them during the past season.....Paul Hines of the Providence nine had the best batting average in League championship games, and thereby won a gold medal presented by a gentleman of Buffalo, N. Y.....Tom Carey, late of the Clevelands, and now the short-stop of the Chicagos, it is stated, formerly belonged to the Presidio garrison of San Francisco, and in 1869 was a member of the Presidio and Eagle Clubs of that city..... The Amity Club of Sacramento, Cal., intend to reorganize next season with a nine able to compete with any club on the Pacific coast. .....George Gore, the right-fielder of the Chicagos, is claimed to be the fleetest base-runner in the profession, with an alleged record of making the circuit of the bases in 14½ seconds.....Leary, late pitcher of the Rochesters, has signed a contract with the Bay City Club of San Francisco, Cal., for 1880. .....J. H. Gifford, formerly manager of the Albanys, is spoken of as likely to fill the same position with the Stars of Cincinnati next season.....The Chicagos, Cincinnatis and Rochesters had not, at latest advices, met with the pecuniary success anticipated in San Francisco, the public not taking kindly to the fifty-cents tariff, and not attending games except on Saturdays and Sundays. The Knickerbockers are firm in their determination not to play either the Chicagos or Cincinnatis unless the price of admission is reduced.....The Stars of Cincinnati expect to have Will and Jim White, Peters, Clapp, McVey and Hotaling as the nucleus of a League nine for 1880.

CRICKET.

ENGLISH vs. AMERICAN.

The last cricket match of the season, played by the St. George Club, took place at Hoboken Oct. 28 and 29, the contestants being English and American elevens, and the occasion a match arranged for the benefit of George Giles, the worthy professional of the St. George Club. Unless tickets were sold privately, the benefit must have been one in name only, as not a dollar was taken at the gate either day. If these benefit matches are intended to be really such, they should be arranged before the season is practically over, and not delayed until all the interest in the game has gone for the season. In this game Giles Sr., Brewster and Lane played on the part of the English, though Brewster did not bat or bowl. To offset this advantage, Rylott, the professional of the Irish team, was allowed to assist the American side in the first inning, which he did to the extent of taking one wicket in bowling for 30 odd runs, and scoring one run at the bat. Had the American team presented the eleven originally named, they might have defeated the English professionals and all. As it was, but for Lane's and Giles' play the American team would have whipped their opponents. On the American side, George Giles Jr.'s score of 36, made as it was against strong bowling, was the feature of the match. George has improved wonderfully in his play this season, simply because he has had a chance given him to get some good practice in matches. Conover also batted well for 16. On the other side, Giles and Lane bore off the palm at the bat, Moeran, Bance and Sadler also scoring double figures. In bowling, Moeran and Giles took the lead. The score in full is appended:

First Inning	AMERICAN.	Second Inning.
Clarke c. Sadler b. Moeran	7	c. and b. Moeran	5
Giles Jr. b. Moeran	36	b. Moeran	16
Rylott b. Lane	1	absent	0
Brewster st. Holland b. Lane	1	b. Moeran	8
Hinchcliffe b. Lane	4	b. Moeran	8
Hausling c. and b. Lane	1	b. Lane	4
Conover, not out	6	b. Moeran	16
Richardson b. Moeran	0	l. b. w. b. Moeran	6
De Forest b. Lane	7	l. b. w. b. Lane	0
Barnes b. Moeran	4	not out	4
Wright, absent	0	c. Sadler b. Lane	1
Morgan, absent	0	b. Moeran	0
Leg-bye	1	Bye	1
Total	68	Total	61

First Inning	ENGLISH.	Second Inning.
Bance st. Hinchcliffe b. Clarke	12	b. Clarke	1
Moeran b. Rylott	17	c. Conover b. Clarke	0
Giles Sr., run out	0	not out	11
Sadler b. Giles Jr	10	c. Giles Jr. b. Clarke	0
Gutteridge b. Giles Jr	9	b. Giles Jr	0
Holland b. Giles Jr	4	st. Hinchcliffe b. Clarke	4
Filmer, not out	7	b. Giles Jr	0
Lane c. Perry b. Giles Jr	5	c. Hausling b. Clarke	18
Blayney b. Giles Jr	3	not out	0
Bootle b. Giles Jr	3		
Ouddihy, run out	0		
Byes, 8; wides, 3	11	Byes, 3; wides, 3	6
Total	80	Total	43

FALL OF WICKETS—AMERICAN.

First Inning ..... 17 28 34 50 50 52 52 61 68 —68
Second Inning ..... 19 25 39 43 44 46 50 50 53 56 61—61

ENGLISH.

First Inning ..... 31 31 33 49 56 57 63 69 76 80 —80
Second Inning ..... 0 0 4 4 39 39 43 —43

Umpires, Messrs. White and Hayward. Time, 4h. 45m.

Moeran took seven wickets for 28 runs in the second inning, Giles Jr. taking six wickets in the first inning for 29 runs.

DAFT'S TOUR.

The following are the statistics of Daft's tour in America with his noted professional team, taken from the scores which have reached this office from Canada, and the special score of our reporter of the games played after reaching New York:

Sept. 6—Daft's team arrived at Quebec in steamer Sardinian from England.

Sept. 10, 11—Daft's Eleven vs Twenty-two native Canadians, at Toronto: Daft's Eleven, 101, first inning; Canadians, 31 and 72—103. The eleven won with ten wickets to fall.

Sept. 12, 13—Daft's Eleven vs. Twenty-two English Residents of Canada, at Toronto: Daft's Eleven, 209, first inning; English Twenty-two, 76 and 69—145. The eleven won in one inning and 64 runs.

Sept. 15, 16—Daft's Eleven vs. Twenty-two of native Canadians and English residents, at Toronto: Daft's Eleven, 122, first inning; Combined Twenty-two, 65 and 54—119. The eleven won in one inning and 3 runs.

Sept. 18, 19, 20—Daft's Eleven vs. Seventeen of Hamilton — English and Canadian—at Hamilton: Daft's Eleven, 186, first inning; Seventeen, 48 and 35—83. The eleven won in one inning and 102 runs.

Sept. 22, 23—Daft's Eleven vs. Twenty-two English and Canadian, at London: Daft's Eleven, 210; Twenty-two, 74 and 37 in first inning—match not played out —a draw.

Sept. 25, 26 27—Daft's Eleven vs. Eighteen of Peninsular Club of Detroit, at Detroit; Daft's Eleven, first inning, 191; Twenty-two, 59 in first inning—not played out—a draw.

Sept. 30, Oct. 1—Daft's Eleven vs. Twenty-two of Central New York (State), at Syracuse: Daft's Eleven, first inning, 163; Twenty-two, 43 and 50—93. The eleven won in one inning and seventy runs.

Oct. 3, 4, 6—Daft's Eleven vs. Twenty-two of New York, at Staten Island: Daft's Eleven, first inning, 188; Twenty-two, 67 and 94—161. The eleven won in one inning and 27 runs.

Oct. 10, 11, 13—Daft's Eleven vs. Fifteen of All Philadelphia, Pa.: Daft's Eleven, 149 and 133—282; Fifteen, 70 and 67—137. The eleven won by 145 runs.

Oct. 14, 15—Daft's Eleven vs. Eighteen Baseball-players, at Union Ball-grounds, Brooklyn, (cricket and baseball): On 22 Daft's Eleven, first inning, 107; Eighteen, first inning, 62—one-inning match. Won by the Eleven by 45 runs. On 25 the Providence nine played eight of Daft's team at baseball, giving them a baseball pitcher and catcher, and the odds of five outs The Nine scored 15 runs in five innings; the Ten made 1 run in six innings. Won by the Nine by 14 runs.

Oct. 17, 18, 20—Daft's Eleven vs. Young America: Eleven of Philadelphia, at Philadelphia, Pa. Daft's Eleven, first inning, 171; Young America Eleven, 94 and 47—141. Won by Daft's Eleven in one inning and 60 runs.

Oct. 21, 22—Daft's Eleven vs. Twenty-two of the Merion Club, at Ardmore, Pa.: Daft's Eleven, first inning, 162; Merion Twenty-two, 67 and 55—122. The eleven won in one inning and 40 runs.

Oct. 23, 24—Final benefit match, Nottingham vs. Yorkshire: Nottingham, 148 and 22; Yorkshire, 51 and 118. Won by Nottingham with ten wickets to fall.

Oct. 25—Daft's team sailed from New York for England in steamship City of Richmond.

THE SCORES.

Innings Scores of Eleven and Opponents.	ENG. ELEVEN. Innings.	Runs.	CAN. AND AM. Innings.	Runs.
Canad. Twenty-two	101	3	104	34
English Twenty-two	209	....	209	66
Combined Twenty-two	122	....	122	43
Hamilton Seventeen	186	....	186	44
London Twenty-two	71	139	210	33
Detroit Eighteen	191	....	191	59
N.Y. State Twenty-two	163	....	163	34
Staten Is. Twenty-two	188	....	188	34
All Philada's Fifteen	149	133	282	70
B.B.Players' Eight'n	107	....	107	25
Young Am. Eleven	171	....	171	60
Merion Twenty-two	162	....	162	88
		2305		1270

BATTING SCORES.

The following are the individual scores made in each inning in all the matches in Canada and the United States:

| | | |

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal-laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Nov. 3.

LADIES' LIST.

Arlington, Edna
Anderson, Nellie Chrisale
Audley, Oley
Armant, Mrs. Jessie (soubrette)
Burt, Ida
Brown, Mattie A.
Bankson, Mrs. J. W.
Beaumont, Nellie (2)
Boyle, Anna
Brennan, Mrs. R. A.
Bradley, Leanora
Olie, Miss S.
Cummings, Ida S.
Coultrup, Emilie
Cote, Annie (p. o. m London, Eng.)
Cole, Sadie A.
Corrills or Carnills, Octavia
Cushing, Belle
Casselli, Mrs. Fannie
Chapman, Mrs. O'Neil
Crabtree, Lotta (2)
Corcoran, Catharine
Dempsey, Louisa
DeLew, Inez
D'Alve, Lillie
Dingeon, Helen (of Saulsbury's Troub.)
Daly, Lizzie (of Comique, Providence)
D'Alve, Lillie & Gussie
Dickson, Belle (of J. Murphy's Co.)
Ellis, Lillie (vocalist)
Evans, Miss M. F.

Evan, Lottie (late of Springfield, O.)
Fisher, Mrs. Emma
Fox, May
Forrester, Jessie
Gray, Maggie
Guy, Mamie (of Guy Family)
Greyson, Helen (of Richmond's Co.)
Hall, Mrs. Jas.
Hart, Enod
Hughes, Jennie
Hall, Mrs. Fannie T. (2)
Hoffman, Emma
Irving, Edith (vocalist) (2)
Jeal, Linda
Kaine, Georgie
Kimball, Jennie
Leland Sisters
Loane, Josie
LeClair Sisters
Leon, Lillie (late of Boston)
Livingston, Anna (of Rice's Co.)
Leona, Lillie
Lawton, Minnie
Lee, Rosa (Mrs. K. Partington)
LeClair, Laura (of LeClair Sist.)
Melnotte, Georgie
Mercer, Amanda
Montague, Annie
Morris, Clara (2)
Marshall, May E.
Marcoe, Dasie
Mayo, Ella 9c.
Moulton, Emma (of J. Denier's Co.)
May, Florence (of Volks' Garden)
McDermott Sisters
Macarte, Mrs. Fred

Manning, Mrs. W. E.
Newton, Kate (Mrs. Cottrell)
Norton, Kittie (vocalist)
Noah, Rachel
O'Brien, Mrs. Fred
Plunkett, Annie
Phillips, Amy (of Abbott's Op. Co.)
Pearl, Maggie
Pearson, Nellie (of Nat. Thea., Toledo)
Rice, Mary
Robeson, Erba (2)
Roth, Grace
Sommers, Alice
Stickney, Emma (2)
Selgwyn, Blanche
Shellman Sisters
Stetson, Louise
St. Felix, Clementine
Stickney, Rosalean
Sindelle, Mrs. F.
Sheppard, Kittie
Shanley, Josephine
Tudor, Mrs.
Tiffany, Annie
"Virginia" (2)
Yoos, Carrie
Wallace, Belle (late of New York)
Western, Lillie
Wallace, Minnie
Wallack, Marian
Wentworth, Helen
Wilde, Minnie
Wilson (Indon-queen)
Wade, Hattie
Weston, Miss
Whitland, Kittie
Wesner, Mary Fred

GENTLEMENS' LIST.

Alexander, W. B. (2)
Allen, G. (manager, Allen's Co.)
Aymar, F. W.
Albaugh, J. W.
Allison, Phil M.
Ambler, H. (of Pleasantville, Mo.)
Aubrey, Robt.
Admiral Dot
Brown, H. (of Apollo Thea., Evansville)
Barlow Bros.
Bingree, Nell
Burnette, J. (of Edwards' Dram. Co.)
Brooks, J. (of Davenport's Co.)
Bell, Frank (2)
Byrnes, John (of Volks Thea., N.Y.)
Baylis, S. (marionette "turf")
Barry, Wm.
Booker, Johnny
Burke, A. (quantominist)
Burt, Sidney
Baylis, Sahr
Brazier, W. L. P
Brazier, R. K. L. (2)
Brazier, Rufus C.
Burke, Major
Benjamin, F. L.
Brazier, Geo. H.
Bouen, E. (of Sprague's Minst.)
Bankson or Burkson, John W.
Beers, J. N. (of Macauley's Co.)
Bry-ant & Saville
Bowell, W. H.
Brazziers, The 9c.
Blitz, F. D. (of Philadelphia)
Baker, Billy (of Baker & Mills)
Brazier, Jas. T.
Blackford, Jas.
Chatterton, G. W.
Coney, G. W.
Cooper, C. (of Sells' Circus)
Cohan, Jerry
Connors, John (of Pixley's Co.)
Clark & Edwards
Collyer, Shan
Campbell, Bartley (2)
Carroll, Chas. & Lillie (2)
Collom, Andy
Carroll, R. M.
Cooke, Jas. (of Barnum's Circus)
Carr, Jas. (stage, from wife to Adams & Lee)
Coyle, Jas. (at Robbins' Circus)
Crumley & De Forrest
Cunningham, Mr.
Cole, L.
Bethel, (Conn.) "Cornet player"
Clarke, H. G. (manager)
Charleston, John
Cressville, J. A.
Clarke, Kit
Clark, L. C. (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Cary & Lee
Dooly, L. (of Tennessee & Dooly, John
DeSonay, John
Dobson, F. B.
Dingess, Neil
Dupree & Benedict Minst., Manager
Dingess, Jas.
Daly, W. H. (2)
Dunbar, E. C. (3)
Diamond, Tom
Dayton, Jas. (of Buschek's Co.)
Devlin, Dick (o Devlin & Tracey, DeVere, Sir
Devoy, Geo.
Donovan, Mike
Duncan, Harry
Draper, S. (of Real & Draper)
Dixon, F. B. 13c.
Dare, Mr.
DeMott, Jas. H.
Davis, J. Alvin (of Joslin Co)
Eagan & Jones
Eytinge, H.
Banga Cobalt) (of Eldridge, R. W.
Evans, Harry (juggler)
Frost, Mr.
Foster, Ed.
Fitzgerald, 9c.
Fuller, W. (of Star Alliance Co.)
Fechnan & White
Fox, Will H. (pianist)
Fuller, Geo. F.
Fitzgerald, Simon
Frohman, Gustave
Granger, Tommy
Gepert, Frank
Garland, Jos
Geyer, A. (of Sells' Circus)

Gulick, Joe
Goshen, Col. Routh
Gray, Sr., Geo.
Gibbons, Phil (2)
George, F. H.
Gilderson, Albert
Gardner, F. A.
Hyland, Wm. H.
Hever, H. B.
Hilliard & Hunting
Hayden, W. B. (director)
Hyland, H. W. (of Dup & Ben. Min.)
Hill, G. A. (of Theatre, Toledo)
Hays, Chas. (of Adelphi, Dayton)
Hanshaw, F. W.
Hegney, J. (of N. O. Minst.)
Hunter, T. (of Janauschek's Co.)
Hagan, S. B.
Hutchson, J. (of Elephant Circ.)
Hodges, D. B. (of Denier's Co.)
Hall, The
Hall, Andy (of Eugenie's Folly Co.)
Hewes, B. (with Grand Opera Co.)
Hunter, H. (o Rice's Evang. Co.)
Hall, H. F. (comedian)
Haslam, John H.
Harry, W. (of Harris & Carroll)
Hayle, Wm. (clogger)
Hyas, T. J.
Heer, Chas. N.
Smith, John J. (leader of orches.)
Shields, J. H.
Sully, — (of Sully & Williams)
Smith & Byrne
Steele, G. (of Goldie & Steele)
Sonans, H. M.
Shaw, Gus
Strafford, F. (of Kendall's Co.)
Sansbury, N.
Southgate, Walter
Strebig, J. V.
"Swiss Bells"
Showers, A. (care E. O. Rogers)
Sullivan, C. S.
Slate, Harry & Pet
St. Leon, Mr. (of Coliseum Toledo)
Swonsbourne, C.
Stevens, Odale
Stoner, D. P.
Santon, W. H.
Sebastian, Romeo
Storme, Chas (of B. W. P. & W. Minst.)
Sells Bros.
Schoolcraft, Luke
Sautelle, Sig.
Spencer, J. S.
Stickney, Robt. S.
Thayer, G. (of Sentmont's manager)
Thompson, Denman
Werner, Albert
Thompson & Waldron
Tillotson, J. K. (m. of Cook's Opera Co.)
Tooley, Larry
Turner, Ned
Tabbert, Fred (of Mayo & Carmond, Chas.
Ulno or Vino, J. C. (of London, Eng.)
Victorelli, H.
Wilson, J.
Vincent, F. A. (2)
Vajean, A. (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Virgina Trio
Villa, S. B. (2)
Queen, Burt (ventriloquist)
Ronaldo, H. (of Ronaldo Bros.) (2)
Rose, Dan (of Kiralfy Thea., Toledo) (2)
Reinhart, A. (of B. W. & W. Minst.)
Rentfrow, J. H.
Robison, W. S.
Recker, Robt. (musician (2)
Ronaldo, Geo.
Rice, J. H. (of Wallace-Villa Co.)
Riel, Al
Ronaldo, Geo.
Ryan, T. J.
Steer, Chas. N.
Smith, John J. (leader of orches.)
Shields, J. H.
Sully, — (of Sully & Williams)
Smith & Byrne
Steele, G. (of Goldie & Steele)
Sonans, H. M.
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Sells Bros.
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Thompson, Denman
Werner, Albert
Thompson & Waldron
Tillotson, J. K. (m. of Cook's Circus

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS in Boston, Mass., up to Nov. 2, are thus reviewed by our correspondent: "'My Partner' was presented for the first times at the Boston Theatre the past week to very large audiences. Five of the leading parts were played by the same gentlemen who contributed so largely to its success in New York—Messrs. Aldrich, Parsloe, Mordaunt, Crisp and Hague—and the glowing reports which preceded them found full endorsement here. Mr. Aldrich has never done anything better than Joe Saunders, not excepting the Parson in 'The Danites,' and played with feeling, power and pathos. Mr. Parslee's Chinaman is the most rational and amusing representative of the Flowery Kingdom we have yet seen, he being naturally well adapted to the characterand fully catching and producing the peculiarities and oddities of the race. Mr. Mordaunt looked and acted the Major to perfection, and his scenes were each heartily enjoyed. Mr. Crisp appeared to better advantage as Ned Singleton than in any other part he has performed for a great while, a particularly strong point being made in the death-scene, where the stony glare and fixed expression of the eyes were, if anything, too natural. The underhanded and vindictive Scraggs was played in a villainously true manner by Mr. Hagne, and we are pleased to record the success made by this conscientious and painstaking actor. We should like to have seen a stronger actress as Mary than May Ulmer proved to be in the first act; but in the latter portions of the play she redeemed herself. Laura Thorpe was bright and cheery as Grace, and Josephine Laurens was amusing, without being extravagant, as Posie. A. D. Billings reappeared after a lengthened absence, and gave a dignity and tenderness to Matthew Brandon, which spoke volumes of his improvement as an actor. Walter Lennox Jr. inherits much of the quaint talent of his father, and gave a pleasing and lively personation of Sam of Bowler; and G. T. Ulmer and G. P. Reynolds were wholly satisfactory as Widgery and the Sheriff. The play was embellished in a magnificent manner, the first scene, of Mount Shasta, being a gem of scene-painting, and reflecting the highest credit on the artist, Mr. Gerz. The author, Bartley Campbell, was present on the opening night. 'My Partner' closes its too short run with the present week. Grau's new French-opera Company open a two weeks' season, Nov. 10, with 'La Fille de Mme. Angot,' and on the 24th 'Drink' will be produced, with the new leading man, T. W. Keene, and perhaps Miss Rosa Rand.....Scanlon and Cronin, long popular on the variety stage, have shown our playgoers the advance they have made in their art by appearing during the past week in the Gaiety Theatre in 'O'Neil,' which was then played in an amended and improved form for the first times. The name of the drama was also changed 30, and hereafter it will be called 'Transplanted, or the Irish in America,' surely a more comprehensive title. Scanlon and Cronin are the head and front of the piece, and with their clever songs, both characteristic and Irish, dances, and lively actions, have afforded much real enjoyment. Mr. Scanlon exhibits talents of an emotional order which he has not heretofore been credited with, the scene in which he discovers his daughter starving and ragged in the snowy street being exceedingly well performed. His coadjutor, Mr. Cronin, affords able support in the duets and dances, and his characterization of the Irish wife is both comical and truthful. The residue of the cast was adequate, and in the main satisfactory, Manager Haverly having set the interior of the church scene during a snowstorm was a fine painting, and at the rise of the curtain aroused instant approval. A good business was done during the week. Clinton Hall's 'Strategist' Company open Nov. 3.....'The Grand,' for Nov. 1, ended its two weeks' run at the Boston Museum, to a succession of fair houses. Mr. Parslee's Chinaman is the most rational and amusing representative of the Flowery Kingdom we have yet seen, he being naturally well adapted to the character and fully catching and producing the peculiarities and oddities of the race. Mr. Mordaunt looked and acted the Major to perfection, and his scenes were each heartily enjoyed. Mr. Crisp appeared to better advantage as Ned Singleton than in any other part he has performed for a great while, a particularly strong point being made in the death-scene, where the stony glare and fixed expression of the eyes were, if anything, too natural. The underhanded and vindictive Scraggs was played in a villainously true manner by Mr. Hagne, and we are pleased to record the success made by this conscientious and painstaking actor. 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'The Two Orphans' will be revived 15, and on 17 'The Girls' will be produced.....Daniel E. Bandmann and company performed 'The Lady of Lyons' in the Dudley-street Opera-house Oct. 27 to a small audience; after four acts had been played it was announced from the stage that the performance could not be concluded, owing to the illness of Mr. Bandmann, and as the audience were leaving the house the curtain was raised and the play terminated. Scanlon and Cronin have the house 3. The Criterion Coterie appear 13, in conjunction with Charles Atkinson and Miss Elsbree, and the specialty trio, Charles and Pidgin's comedietta 'A Poetical Wooing.'.....After two years' absence, Mr. Sothern returns to Boston, opening at the Park Theatre 3 in 'Our American Cousin,' with the support of his New York company.....Manager Abbey has secured for his company Dion Boucicault's comedy of 'Fairfax'.....The Weathersby-Goodwin Frolicques come Dec. 1, to be followed by Edwin Booth.....'The Black Crook' will be produced in the Globe Theatre 3, for an indefinite period. The cast will comprise Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Emmet and family, Willis Page, W. H. Lytell, A. R. Phelps, Charles Spencer, George Haynes, Frank Smythe, Mr. Livingstone, Carl Francke, Mr. Partridge, the Misses Nellie Larkelle, Laura Wallace, Lizzie Conway, Sally Pierson and Louise Morse. The ballet will be led by Miles. Rosa, Zallo and Arnold Kiely, and the specialty performers will include the Uim Sisters, Les Fantoches Vallotte and the Egyptian jugglers. Ada Cavendish appears early next month, and Sargent's Comedy Company later in the season.....Union Square Theatre is to be opened 3, under the management of Frank L. Union, with 'The Octoroon.' A troupe of thirty colored singers, under the charge of Al. Holden, will furnish the vocal music and the National Band the instrumental. It is the intention of the manager to give performances each Monday evening, Richard Hyde acting for Mr. Union. The Criterion Comedy Company appeared in the Grand Opera-house, Toronto, Ont., the past week, before large audiences, presenting "Our Daughters" Oct. 27, 28, 29, and matinee Nov. 1. "Freaks" Oct. 30, 31, "A Triple Courtship" evening of Nov. 1. Route: Chicago Nov. 3, for two weeks, Detroit 17, Cleveland 24, one week each.

THE WEATHERSBY-GOODWIN FROLIQUES are announced in Waterbury, Ct., Nov. 3, New Haven 4, 5, Hartford 6, Providence, R. I., 7, 8, Woonsocket 10.

KATE CLAXTON and company, under the New England directorship of A. S. Anthony, are to perform in Lynn, Mass., Nov. 3, Lawrence 4, Salem 5, Chelsea 6, Fall River 7, North Attleboro 8, Providence, R. I., 10, 11, 12, Newport 13, New Bedford, Mass., 14, Brockton 15, Woonsocket, R. I., 17, Springfield, Mass., 18, Holyoke 19, Westfield 20, Pittsfield 21.

ROBSON AND CRANE are to appear in New Haven, Ct., Nov. 24, Springfield, Mass., 25, Worcester 26, Hartford, Ct., 27, Providence, R. I., 28, 29.

F. S. CHANFRAU in "Kit," supported by Taylenre's company, under the management of C. H. Smith, plays in Bangor, Me., Nov. 3, Augusta 4, Lewiston 5, Newburyport, Mass., 6, Marblehead 7, Brockton 8, Taunton 10, Fall River 11, Newport, R. I., 12, Woonsocket 13, Holyoke, Mass, 14, Brattleboro, Vt., 15.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN," with Mrs. G. C. Howard as Topsy, Cool White as Uncle Tom. Mr. Howard as St. Clair and Carrie Hall as Eva, was played to a small audience in Hartford, Ct., Oct. 29. They went to Springfield, Mass., 30, Troy, N. Y., 31, Nov. 1, and there closed their tour.

QUARANTINE between Galveston, Texas, and New Orleans, La., having been raised, the Opera-house in Galveston is to be opened Nov. 5 by the Oates Opera Troupe, who will be followed in succession by the leading companies on the road. I. P. Evans, proprietor of the house, has associated with him J. C. Evans as assistant business and stage manager, Ben. E. Crane treasurer, and E. Lindenberg leader of orchestra.

MISS ADA CAVENDISH commences a New England tour the latter part of this month.

MISS MAGUIRE'S COMPANY began a season in Portland, Oregon, Oct. 13. Having come by star, they gave a nightly change of bill, "Ours" being presented 15, when General Grant and party were present. They closed their season 25, and went to Victoria, B. C., and during their absence "Pinafore" was sung by Fred Lyster's company. Mr. Maguire's company includes J. M. Ward, A. Sutherland, J. W. Wilkes, P. J. Wade, C. Egan, F. Lyster, J. McConnell, C. Allen, J. Walter, L. Balmour, R. Beale, the Misses Lilian Andrews, Emma Cliefden, Lottie Wade, Ada Deaves, Henrietta Osborne, Lew Edgar, Mrs. Kate McLenan and Little Dot.

THORNE'S COMEDY COMPANY closed a week's season in Chester, S. C., Nov. 1; thence to Winboro, Camden, Cheraw, Darlington, one week each, during fairs. E. A. Andre, xylophone-player, joined them Oct. 20.

E. T. STETSON produced "Kentuck" in Macauley's Theatre, Louisville, Ky., the past week, to a good attendance. The piece was well acted and liberally set.....Manager Wm. A. Warner has not opened Davis' Theatre yet, owing to his having been unable to secure satisfactory attractions for the early part of the season.

AT THEALL'S NOVELTY THEATRE, Brooklyn, E. D., last week, Rice's Surprise Party appeared in "Horrors" and "Revels," and a single performance of "Robinson Crusoe Esq." The extravaganza of "Revels" is new to Brooklyn theatre-goers, and is proved to be as attractive as "Horrors." Alice Atherton in the part of St. George was recalled five times on Friday night in her songs and dances. The New York Church-choir "Pinafore" company appear this week.

MISS GRACE LANPHEAR and a company played in Chillicothe, Mo., Oct. 27, 28, 29, 30. Hamilton 31, Nov. 1, 3, 4; thence to Cameron 5, 6, Plattsburg, 7, 8.

THE BRIC-A-BRAC COMBINATION performed in Montreal, P. Q., Oct. 27, 28, 29, Ottawa 30, 31, Nov. 1, and are to be in Kingston 3, Cobourg 4, Port Hope 5, Toronto 6, 7, 8, Detroit, Mich., 10, 11, 12.

TEMPLETON'S STAR ALLIANCE amused the public of Columbus, Ga., Oct. 31, Nov. 1.

MAUDE OSWALD'S DRAMATIC COMPANY is billed in Hillsboro, Pa., Nov. 3, 4, 5, 6, Antrim 7, 8.

MANAGERS desiring to arrange an entertainment with Gill & Pilling's Comedy-operetta Company can address Mr. Pilling, as per advertisement, in which will also be found further particulars about their entertainment. The last two weeks in December are still open.

A NOVEL ACTION-AT-LAW has been brought against the proprietors of the Lynn (Mass.) Music Hall, to recover damages for injury done a lady's dress while she was witnessing a performance. During the past Summer the house was repainted; the cushions of the seats had a coating of varnish or some other substance, and several persons have since occurred where dresses have been injured: the one in question was torn and otherwise badly damaged.

CHARLES H. THAYER is to manage Aldrich & Parsloe's Combination in "My Partner" in Worcester, Mass., Nov. 10, Springfield 11, Holyoke 12, Hartford, Ct., 13, New Haven 14, 15, Bridgeport 17, Norwich 18, Taunton 19, Manchester, N. H., 20, Salem, Mass., 21, Lynn 22, Fall River 24, Woonsocket, R. I., 25, Providence 26, 27, 28, 29.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON in "Rip Van Winkle," under the management of Charles H. Thayer, appears in Concord, N. H., Nov. 3, Manchester 4, Portsmouth 5, Bangor, Me., 6, Lewiston 7, Portland 8, Lawrence, Mass., 10, Haverhill 11, Salem 12, Lynn 13, Providence, R. I., 14, 15, Chelsea, Mass., 17, Fall River 18, New Bedford 19, Lowell 20, New Haven, Ct., 21, 22.

NITA GERALD, burlesque-queen and comedy artist, advertises for an engagement.

HARRY OSBORNE, dramatic specialty artist, can be addressed care of this office.

THE ASHTONS—J. B. and Little Dorrit, aged twelve years—are highly spoken of by *The Shamokin* (Pa.) *Times* in an extract from the opening elsewhere: John W. Taylor, manager of the Academy of Music, that city, states that they were the only people that ever played to three consecutive full houses in that place. The piece produced was "Rip Van Winkle." Their hotel is Mahanoy City and Pottsville.

THE CRITERION COMEDY COMPANY appeared in the Grand Opera-house, Toronto, Ont., the past week, before large audiences, presenting "Our Daughters" Oct. 27, 28, 29, and matinee Nov. 1. "Freaks" Oct. 30, 31, "A Triple Courtship" evening of Nov. 1. Route: Chicago Nov. 3, for two weeks, Detroit 17, Cleveland 24, one week each.

DENMAN THOMPSON and company played in Columbus, O., Oct. 29, 30, Akron 31, Erie, Pa., Nov. 1, and are to open in Buffalo, N. Y., for one week.....Rice's "Evangeline" Company played Oct. 31 to three houses. Route: Oil City Circuit, Pa., Nov. 3, for one week (under Sam T. Jack), Cleveland, O., 10, one week.

LOTTA freed from sadness the hearts of numerous people at the Park Theatre, Philadelphia, during the week ending Nov. 1 by her performance of La Cigale in the play of that name. The current week, which is the last of her engagement, is devoted to "The Little Detective."....The Park Theatre Comedy Company appear Nov. 10 for four weeks, opening in "Engaged."

"AN UNEQUAL MATCH" was produced at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, for the first time at that house, Oct. 27, and given during the week to small audiences. It was elegantly mounted, and was well acted. Nov. 3 Prof. Peter of A. Gunter's new play "Cuba," for the first time on any stage, "The Australian," a new comedy by Thomas Lowry, is in preparation.

EDWIN BOOTH, at the Broad-street Theatre, Philadelphia, played Richelieu Oct. 27, 28, Iago 29 and Nov. 1, Hamlet 30 and matinee Nov. 1, Othello 31, Shylock and Petruchio 31, and Hamlet matinee Nov. 1, to fine business. The Madison-square Theatre Comedy Company in "An Iron Will" Nov. 3.

F. C. BANGS drew fair audiences at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, last week, in witness his impersonation of Dan'l Druce, which he will give throughout the current week. Maggie Mitchell comes Nov. 10, F. S. Chanfrau 24.

NEILSON began a two-weeks' engagement at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Oct. 27, when she appeared as Juliet, which character she also played 29, 31, and Nov. 1. "Twelfth Night," with Neilson as Viola, was performed 30, and matinee Nov. 1, "As You Like It," with Neilson as Rosalind, being given 28. The supporting company, consisting of Edward Compton, J. W. Weaver, F. W. Sanger, John Swinburne, M. L. Leffingwell, H. A. Weaver Jr., W. A. Eytinge, Chas. A. Bradshaw, Edwin Cleary, L. F. Rand, G. Reymer, J. H. Miller, Miss Nellie Morant, Miss Katie Baker and Mrs. F. A. Tannehill, was excellent. The warm reception given to charming little Katie Baker showed that Philadelphians have not forgotten the excellent work done by her when she was a soubrette of the Arch-street Theatre in the season of 1875-6. During the current week Neilson will appear in "The Hunchback" 3, "Twelfth Night" 4, "Cymbeline" 5, 6, 7, 8, and "As You Like It" matinee 3. Rice's Surprise Party come 10, for two weeks.....The lobby and aisles of this house have been elegantly recarpeted.....The annual benefit of Philadelphia, Lodge No. 2, B. P. O. Elks, takes place at the Walnut afternoon of 13. The proceeds will be devoted to the monument fund.

"UNCLE TOM" suffered and died in the presence of a goodly number of sympathizers at Wood's Museum, Philadelphia, Oct. 29, when it opened for the Fall and Winter season of 1879-80, under the management of George Wood. Alexander Fisher gave a tear-drawing impersonation of the good old darky, and the other personages of the familiar play were suitably represented by the other members of the company. The scene in which Eva, of "Our Country's Flag," with Sam Hemple as Seth Swap, and the farce of "Cousin Joe's Visit," with Hemple as Cousin Joe, forms the bill for the week commencing 3. Two performances are given daily. Prof. Mercur's Punch-and-Judy show is one of the features of the Museum department.

MILTON NOBLES and troupe played in Grand Rapids, Mich., Oct., 30, 31, and are posted in East Saginaw 3, Bay City 4, Port Huron 5, Flint 6, Ionia 7, Muskegon 8, Elgin, Ill., 10, Rockford 11, Janesville 12, Milwaukee 13, 15.

OCTOROON COMBINATION is to play in Grand Rapids, Mich., Nov. 3, 4. Toledo, O., 5, Detroit 6, 7.

AT THE GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, Rochester, N. Y., Oct. 30, 31, and Nov. 1, Jane Coombs and company produced respectively "The School for Scandal," "The Lady of Lyons," and "London Assurance," to good business.....At the Corinthian Academy of Music, Oct. 30, the Majeroni Company opened for three nights, producing "Diplomacy" and "Camille" to moderate business. The company disbanded there, almost all of the members returning to New York.

"THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER" was the attraction at the Metropolitan Theatre, Minneapolis, Minn., Oct. 27 and during the rest of the week. Mary Anderson is billed at the Academy of Music Nov. 5, 6.

"THE TOWNSEND SHAKESPEARIANS Co.," who closed a five nights' engagement Nov. 5 in Delphi, Ind., are to be in Attica Nov. 3, 4, 5. Lafayette and Danville, Ill., to follow. 'Sutton's" band-orchestra join them 5.

AT THE EUCLID-AVENUE OPERA-HOUSE, Cleveland, O., Lawrence Barrett, supported by Eben Plympton, Ellen Cummins and a company, performed "Yorick's Love" ("A New Play") Oct. 27, 29, "Hamlet" 28, "Ruy Blas" and "David Garrick" 30, "Richelieu" 31, "Money" matinee and "Julius Cæsar" evening Nov. 1, to excellent business. Route: Delaware, O., 30, Columbus 4, 5, 6, Lexington, Ky., 7, 8, Cincinnati 10, one week. John McCullough is booked 10, for a week, and F. C. Bangs 17, for a like period.....Gus Williams and company are announced to play in the Academy of Music 3, 4, 5, 6.

JOHN A. STEVENS' "Unknown" Combination is to be in Mobile, Ala., 2, 3, 4, Montgomery 5, Atlanta, Ga., 6, 7.

THE WESTERN THEATRE COMPANY, who closed a week's season in Macon, Mo., Nov. 1, are billed in Huntsville 3, 4, Moberly 5, 6, 7, 8, and Glasgow 10.

MCKEE RANKIN and company in "The Danites" played in Rome, Ga., Oct. 30, to fine business. Route: New Orleans Nov. 3, one week; thence through Texas.

SALSBURY'S TROUBADOURS, who played in Troy, N. Y., Oct. 31, Nov. 1, are to be in Montreal, P. Q., 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.

AN AGENT for a dramatic company is wanted by "R. C.," who advertises.

MURPHY'S MINIATURE OPERA COMPANY sing "Pinafore" in Providence, R. I., Nov. 3, 4, 5, 6, New Bedford, Mass., 7, 8, Brockton 10, Newport, R. I., 11, Taunton, Mass., 12, New London, Ct., 13, Norwich 14, 15.

ADAH RICHMOND'S OPERA TROUPE is billed in Columbus, Ga., Nov. 4, 5.

MARETZEK'S ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY are the current attraction in the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y.

J. B. COLLIER'S "Banker's Daughter" Combination played to a liberal attendance in the Pittsburg (Pa.) Opera-house last week. The stage-settings were superb, and the acting generally satisfactory. Robson and Crane open Nov. 3 for one week, and will be followed by Haverly's Church-choir Pinafore Combination.....Buffalo Bill and company appear at Library Hall Nov. 5, 6.....John Denier's Pantomime Troupe occupy Library Hall Nov. 3, 4.....A "Masque of the Poets," in pantomime, statuary and song, by fifty ladies and gentlemen of Pittsburg, was given at Library Hall Oct. 30, 31, Nov. 1. The exhibition was for the benefit of the Pittsburg Free Dispensary, and was liberally patronized.....Miss Maggie Muhlanbring, of Pittsburg, is soon to be the recipient of a benefit at Library Hall.....Walter Davis of the Opera-house is ill of typhoid fever.....Manager Elsler was sued for allowing Col. Ingersoll to lecture in the Opera-house on Sunday evening.

WALLACK'S COMBINATION, with Owen Fawcett, Harry Rainforth, Frank E. Aiken and Miss Genevieve Rogers as the chief attractions, are billed in Peoria, Ill., Nov. 3, 4, Bloomington 5, 6, Lafayette, Ind., 7, 8.

A MANUSCRIPT COPY of "The Girls" can be obtained of "Franco," as per card.

MACKAYE'S Madison-square Theatre Company, under the management of Daniel Frohman, perform this week in Philadelphia, and open in Ford's Theatre, Baltimore, Md., Nov. 17; Ford's, Washington, D. C., 24. This company produced Mr. Mackaye's new drama "An Iron Will" in Providence, R. I., last week, and the press of that city speaks in terms of praise of the drama and the manner of its production. Business communications can be addressed to Mr. Frohman, as per advertisement.

H. C. JARRETT is to produce in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 24, a new temperance drama, liberally interspersed with sensational effects; and, after its run there, should it prove successful, it will be brought out in this city at a down-town theatre. J. B. Studley and Joseph Wheelock are to play prominent characters.

JOSEPH K. EMMET says that his success at the Grand Opera-house, Cincinnati, O., the week after the Exposition closed and during election week, was so decided that his receipts for seven performances were $2,000 more than those of any other attraction there during the season for eight performances.

JOHN T. RAYMOND and company are to play in Detroit, Mich., Nov. 3, Indianapolis, Ind., 10, St. Louis, Mo., 17, Cincinnati, O., 24, one week each.

THE RICHMOND & VON BOYLE COMEDY COMPANY'S route is Springfield, Ill., Nov. 3, Hannibal, Mo., 4, 5, Kansas City, 6, Leavenworth, Kansas, 7, 8, Atchison 10, St. Joseph, Mo., 11, 12, Council Bluffs, Ia., 13, Omaha, Neb., 14, 15, Des Moines, Ia., 17, Ottumwa, Ill., 18, Quincy, 19, Decatur 20, Paris 21, Vincennes 22, Louisville, Ky., 24.

APOLLO CLUB did not "play other operas than 'Pinafore'" during their fourth week, ending Oct. 25. In the Athenæum, Brooklyn, L. I., as was stated by our correspondent. The manager of the troupe informs us that the business done has been quite satisfactory, and that the popularity is attested by the fact that they have played thirteen weeks (not consecutive) in that city.

JOHN MAGEZ'S publications for the banjo can be obtained at his advertised address. He is offering the "Spanish Fandango" to applicants.

S. S. KEIL, music-publisher, solicits MS. songs from the profession for publication. He requests Irvin T. Bush to write to him. "Golden Tresses, Come Again," a song-and-chorus, he offers to the profession free.

F. B. CONVERSE has some of the most popular music in his latest editions of banjo numbers, including "The Turkish Parade March," etc. He furnishes them arranged either according to the method without notes or by notation. See card, in which his simplified method is noticed.

SKELLY'S new Irish songs are published by Harding. See card.

"FATINITZA," by the Ideal Opera Company of Boston, with the same including M. W. Whitney, W. H. Fessenden, H. C. Barnabee, Geo. Frothingham, Mary Beebe, and Adelaide Phillips, with a chorus of twenty-five and orchestra numbering fourteen, drew large audiences to Tweddle Hall, Albany, N. Y., Oct. 30, 31, Young Men's Association of that city being the managers.

AT MCVICKER'S THEATRE, Chicago, Ill., only a tolerable business was done during the second week of the Strakosch Opera Company. "Martha" was given Oct. 27, with Lablache and Bellocca; "Norma" 28, in which Mlle. Singer made her début in the title-role, Miss Valerga making her first appearance as Adalgisa; "Mignon" 29, with Lablache and Litta, both appearing to excellent advantage; "Rigoletto" 30, with Litta and Belocca; "Faust" 31, with Singer, Bellocca, Lancaster, and the Messrs. Petrovich, Storti and Maddenni as Mephistopheles, Nov. 1, "Martha" Litta; "Aida," evening, 1, with Singer. Manager Strakosch took Litta and a few others to Bloomington, Ill., 27, where a performance of "Il Trovatore" was given. This troupe goes to Cincinnati 3.....Haverly's Juvenile "Pinafore" crew come to Haverly's Theatre 10.

THE BERGERS and Sol. Smith Russell are billed in Troy, N. Y., Nov. 7, 8, and the Kate Thayer Combination Nov. 6.....'Fatinitza" was sung in Music Hall Nov. 1, to a moderate-sized audience, by Adelaide Phillipps, Beebe, Whitney, Barnabee, Fessenden and others from Boston.

FORD'S JUVENILE OPERA Co. in "Pinafore," who sang in Rome, Ga., Oct. 31, are to be in Chattanooga, Tenn., Nov. 3, 4, Nashville 5, 6, 7, 8, Louisville, Ky., 10, St. Louis, Mo., 17, one week each.

THE CARLOTTA PATTI CONCERT COMPANY, who sang in TROY, N. Y., Oct. 28, Syracuse 30, Rochester, N. Y., 31, Buffalo Nov. 1, are billed in Detroit, Mich., 3, Toledo, O., 4, Cleveland 5, Pittsburg, Pa., 7, Wheeling 8, Evansville, Ind., 10, Indianapolis 11, Louisville, Ky., 12.

HAVERLY'S Chicago Church-choir "Pinafore" Company open in Cleveland, O., Nov. 3, for one week.

CELESTE, the child-pianist from Australia, gave a concert in Burlington, Ia., Oct. 27, and in Mount Pleasant 31. She is apparently about 14 years old, phenomenal abilities, judging from a review of her performances in a local journal in Burlington. Although only sixteen years of age, she is capable of entertaining an audience for one hour and a half unaided. She played on the piano an overture by Listz; "The Storm", composed by herself, and excellent imitations of the banjo even to the preliminary tuning of the instrument, and on the organ compositions of Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn and Schumann. She is able to perform upon an organ and a piano at the same time with her eyes closed, hearing and seeing have been artificially obstructed; also upon both instruments while the key boards of both are covered with a large shawl, she striking the keys through the shawl. She is coming East, and will be in Davenport, Ia., about Nov. 5, 6. We are informed that she lacks the pecuniary means to place herself properly before the public, and that her father, Mr. Collins, is desirous of securing a manager with money.

FORD'S ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY appeared in the Richmond (Va.) Theatre the past week in "Pinafore," "Little Duke," "Jenny Lind," and "The Sorcerer." Our correspondent says: "Notwithstanding strong counter attractions, the theatre was literally packed every night, on several evenings hundreds being unable to obtain admittance. Oct. 31 a benefit was tendered S. G. Young, who on several occasions has rendered his services in this city for charitable purposes, when 'Pinafore' and 'Jenny Lind' were rendered to one of the largest audiences of the week. Route: Washington, D. C., Nov. 3, two weeks; Baltimore, Md., to follow, one week; thence to Philadelphia. The theatre will be closed the coming (this) week."

SPAULDING'S BELLRINGERS are to concertize in Orange, Mass., Nov. 3, Baldwinville 4, Barre 5, Ware 6, Palmer 7, Monson 8.

TRACY TRIO'S OPERA COMPANY, in Ford's Opera-house, Baltimore, Md., appeared the past week in "U. S. Buttons," a satire on Washington official life, to fair houses. They sing in Jersey City Nov. 3, 4, 5.

A LEADER OF ORCHESTRA and brass band is open for an engagement. See "Musical Director's" card.

FORD'S JUVENILE OPERA TROUPE sang "Pinafore" at a matinee and "Fatinitza" at night Oct. 27, to reported large business, in Columbus, Ga.; thence to Atlanta 28, 29, 30.

MUSICIANS, including a full brass and string band and a quartet that can also play brass, are wanted for a company that opens at New Academy of Music, Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 8. Address Wm. H. Arnold, as per advertisement.

SAVILLE & LEE'S ENGLISH-OPERA TROUPE scored a musical but not a financial success in the Detroit (Mich.) Opera-house the past week, the repertory being "Pinafore" 27, 28, "Bohemian Girl" 29, "Sorcerer" 30, 31, Nov. 1.

"FRA DIAVOLO" was presented to moderate houses at the North Broad-street Theatre, Philadelphia, the first three nights and Wednesday matinee of last week. The house was closed the other three nights to prepare for the production of a new comic-opera.

JOSEFFY the pianist will give two concerts in Philadelphia at the Academy of Music night of Nov. 1 and afternoon of 8.

HELEN POTTER'S PLEIADES are to appear in Middletown, Ct., Nov. 3, Hartford 4, Portland, Me., 10, Portsmouth, N. H., 12.

MURPHY'S MINIATURE OPERA COMPANY sing "Pinafore" in Providence, R. I., Nov. 3, 4, 5, 6, New Bedford, Mass., 7, 8, Brockton 10, Newport, R. I., 11, Taunton, Mass., 12, New London, Ct., 13, Norwich 14, 15.

ADAH RICHMOND'S OPERA TROUPE is billed in Columbus, Ga., Nov. 4, 5.

MARETZEK'S ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY are the current attraction in the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

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For 1880.

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AGENTS AND MANAGERS of troupes visiting Charleston, S. C., will find it profitable to stop at the WAVERLY HOUSE, King st., opposite Academy of Music and City Billposter's Office. SPECIAL LOW RATES TO TROUPES. GEO. W. SULLIVAN, Proprietor. Refers to John M. Barron, Manager, Owens' Academy of Music. 20-26t*

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S. BURT OAKES, / JOHN H. OAKES, } 85 WEEKS, OR 595 NIGHTS, { Proprietors and Managers.
OF CONSTANT AND UNWAVERING SUCCESSES.
Permanent Address, DECATUR, ILL., Box 997.
33-1t*tf JOE H. BARNES, Agent.
THE OAKES BROS.' CONCERT COMPANY gave a delightful entertainment at Barton Hall last Wednesday evening to a full house. The entertainment was good from the opening to the close. Every member of the company is an artist, and won hearty applause. The cornet-solo by Mr. Riggs, the violin-solo by Mr. Rodi, and the flute-solo by Mr. Oakes were all of a high order and won hearty applause. The duet of musical glasses by Mr. Oakes and Miss Keith was truly a marvel, and the audience would have gladly kept them on the stage the rest of the evening.—Johnnie Prindle in his character songs was simply immense—no other word would fill the bill. From the time he would appear from behind the wings until he disappeared, there was almost one continuous round of applause. Should this excellent company ever again come to Warren, it is perfectly safe to guaranty them a packed house. They certainly deserve the patronage of the amusement-loving public.—WARREN PRESS, Warren, Ill.
JOHNNIE PRINDLE the Comedian was presented on Oct. 20 with a gold-headed cane by the Managers, S. BURT and JOHN H. OAKES, in consideration of his being the best Comedian and giving the best satisfaction of any Comedian that has ever appeared in the West. Mr. Prindle is re-engaged for one year, with the privilege of four years. 1t

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E. D. GOODING - - - - - - - - - - - - Director of Amusements
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PARTICULAR NOTICE.
All artists booked at this theatre must send in business ONE WEEK in advance of opening; also property list and where outs are to be had; also each and EVERY performer must appear in person on MONDAY at rehearsal, as they may be required to go on in afterpiece.
Send business and props. to
33-1t E. D. GOODING, Stage-manager.

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